NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 12, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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L. BRENT BOZELL

Khrushchev's Blueprint

AN EDITORIAL

America: The Spirit of Place

CHARLES TOMLINSON

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SIR ARNOLD LUNN · FRANCIS RUSSELL · JOHN LEONARD
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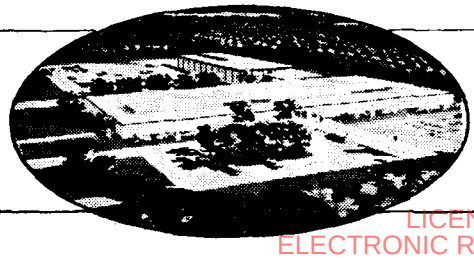

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We feature a meticulous report in which *NR* editor **L. Brent Bozell,** writing from the contemplative rocks of Spain's Escorial, describes, dissects and ventures to explain a mystery of these postwar years: the submission of many American Catholic writers, clerical and lay, and such representative Catholic magazines as *America* and *Commonweal,* to the secular imperatives of the Liberal Line. . . . Reading **Charles Tomlinson**'s sentences, so richly saturated with the colors and shapes and feel of our country's wonderful surface, it is hard to believe that the author is neither native nor immigrant, but the same born-and-bred Englishman whose poems have twice been on *NR* pages . . . . We include also in this issue another poet, new to *NR*, but not to her art or to print. **Dorothy Donnelly**'s poems have been published in *Poetry, The New Yorker* and *The Hudson Review,* and a collection, *Trio in a Mirror,* was brought out last year by the University of Arizona Press. The Venus of whom she herein sings is five inches high and 35,000 years old.

➔ **John Leonard** spent a year in *NR*'s editorial office in transit from the Harvard to the University of California campus. In a Letter from the latter outpost, he tells of some of the local fauna. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** with a passion belying the latter-day reputation of his Austrian countrymen for phlegm, reviews the intra-European crisis that beat Berlin to the draw by a good six months. . . . **James Burnham** inspects the latest strand in the spinning of the myth of the Sino-Soviet split: "Khrushchev's secret circular," as displayed to the world under the auspices of "leading Soviet authority" Isaac Deutscher, courtesy of the London *Sunday Times* and the *Washington Post & Times-Herald.* . . . **Russell Kirk,** metamorphosed from Michigan to his well-loved Scotland, records the emptiness of so many of northern Europe's churches, and asks why, and answers.

➔ Our review section opens with Sir **Arnold Lunn**'s article on the most recent, and perhaps the best to date, but far from the best that some day there should be, history of the Spanish Civil War. Sir Arnold, in this as in most major episodes of our century, was there, and because he was there and knew at first hand so much of what happened and so many of those who made it happen, he is able to correct the young historian who was not there, when he strays from fact to ideological fancy. . . . **Vincent Miller,** who teaches at North Carolina's Wofford College, considers what sort of minds, in what sort of civilized settings, are revealed by the newly-published Adams-Jefferson Letters; a long jump from the sort of mindlessness and non-civilization that **Francis Russell** believes to be shown in the cult of Henry Miller, whose books may now be sold above as well as below the counter. . . . **William Rickenbacker** tells of his experience listening to music on a beautiful summer evening in the lovely gardens of Caramoor. ➔

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The WEEK

● President Kennedy, in his speech on the Berlin problem: "But these are burdens which must be borne if freedom is to be defended. Americans have willingly borne them before, and they will not flinch from the task now." *They,* Mr. Kennedy?

● There can be little doubt that Newburgh has overwhelming public support for its stand curbing welfare abuses. Newspapers report that 80 per cent or more of the letters received are pro-Newburgh. Even the *New York Times,* after several editorial blasts, has in effect conceded the popularity of City Manager Joseph Mitchell's plan. Three letters-to-the-editor columns have been devoted exclusively to the Newburgh issue, with nearly all the letters supporting the city. The Newburgh Plan has had national political repercussions—with Goldwater supporting it, Rockefeller threatening the Newburgh city officials with removal from office, and the *New York Times* warning Goldwater to stay out of New York politics. The New York City mayoralty campaign is also affected. GOP candidate Louis J. Lefkowitz is the state's Attorney General, and as such has started legal proceedings against Newburgh on the contention that twelve of the thirteen points are illegal. Meanwhile, Comptroller Lawrence Gerosa, an independent candidate for Mayor, has endorsed most of the points of the Newburgh Plan. This, and other economy positions taken by Gerosa in the past, have led the *Worker* to label him "the municipal Barry Goldwater."

● A special committee, using a bucket of green from the bottomless well of the Rockefeller Foundation, has completed a two-year study of this country's 100,000 voluntary charitable organizations. It warns the local charities that the government will step in with regulatory powers if they don't start publishing clearer and more complete financial statements. It urges that a national commission of voluntary charitable agencies be established, and that the charities adopt a uniform system of accounting and reporting. Well, in a society increasingly bureaucratized one may expect the simple human act of giving, person to person, to be swallowed up in the clammy mechanical procedures of institutions—a trend supported by tax laws that disallow deductions for direct gifts to needy individuals but allow deductions for gifts to charitable organizations that may spend half (or more) of their revenues for administrative and promotional expenses. And in a free society one may expect abuses: as in overlapping and duplicating charitable organizations, or "charities" that spend only 5 per cent of their income on benevolent projects. To require complete and public financial reports would go far toward controlling fraudulent solicitations. But is this the time for a National Eleemosynary Commission? Rather let the voluntary charities coordinate and regulate their own endeavors. And if they value their independence, let them hop to it: for the New Frontier is watching.

● Whatever else the Administration's response to the Berlin crisis may be accomplishing, it sure speeds the passage of inflationary spending measures through the Congress.

● Our nomination for the Obfuscation Award of the Year goes to the valiant copywriters who turned out the jacket blurbs for two books on Cuba, just published: Robert Taber's *M-26,* and Warren Miller's *90 Miles from Home.* Taber is identified as a dashing CBS newsman who made his perilous way into the Sierra Maestre mountains to join Fidel Castro and film his guerrilla activities. Miller is described as a "talented writer and novelist," with "thorough grounding in Latin American history," and "first hand knowledge of China." Neither Lyle Stuart, who published the Taber book, nor Little, Brown, which brought out Miller's work, thought it necessary to mention respectively that: 1) Taber was fired by CBS for his part in founding the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, once served time for kidnapping and robbery, committed perjury in testifying about sources of FPFC funds, has been charged in testimony before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee with violation of the Foreign Agents Registration Act, is now a paid Castro radio propagandist; 2) Miller is a veteran hack writer for the Communist press, was a film critic for the Communist *Masses and Mainstream,* won a literary award at the Communist Fourth World Youth Festival, has been favorably reviewed in the U.S. Communist press on his last two books, *The Cool World* (1959) and *Sleep of Reason* (1960)—and the Communist press does not make a practice of casting roses on capitalist swine.

● Senator Thomas J. Dodd sees a serious danger that a Communist regime might be established in British Guiana after the elections there on August 21. The parliamentary leader, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, is an avowed Communist, as are many of his chief lieutenants. If Dr. Jagan and his Peoples Progressive Party win in the August election, he will become the first premier of the country, with full powers over internal affairs under a constitution that goes into effect at that time. Jagan and the Communists, reports Senator Dodd, have money, a monopoly on local radio facilities, and the support of the Moscow

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radio, the Peiping radio and the Castro radio. The anti-Communist opposition has no money, and the BBC and the Voice of America are doing nothing to aid the opposition.

● The deadlock in the Geneva test ban talks is reported to have been slowed down by a one-week recess. After which, as all men of good will must hope, the talks will accelerate again to their normal deadlock pace.

● Dallas, Texas, faced with integration of its schools this September, has accepted the prospect and taken carefully planned steps to see that the transition is made without violence. For sixteen months, white and Negro civic leaders have worked together to prepare the public for integration, not only in the schools, but in other areas of public life. Already various forms of segregation have been ended in the transit system, in employment practices, and in the State Fair Grounds. Several weeks ago, the lunch counters of the city's department stores were integrated without incident. This has all been done by the two local civic organizations—one white, one Negro—without outside interference. Special care is taken to avoid entanglement with NAACP, CORE and similar national pressure groups. C. Maceo Smith, the chairman of the local Negro organization, explains the success so far of the Dallas approach: "The old interracial approach started with do-gooders, who often didn't have the necessary leverage in the community. This movement here started with the people at the top."

● Thinking about the unceremonious way in which the Administration hustled General Edwin A. Walker off the stage for daring to speak his mind about our enemy, one is reminded of the good old days when a public official was still allowed to talk like a man. When, for instance, our minister to France in 1797, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, exclaimed, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" Every citizen should be saddened by the contrast between those days and these, and no citizen could be more saddened than one direct descendant of Mr. Pinckney—General Edwin A. Walker, A.U.S.

● In Moscow, Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah announced support of Russia's proposals on Berlin. The German newspaper, *Die Welt*, closed its report on Nkrumah with these words: "Our requirement remains unaltered that German aid must go first to Germany's friends and not to her enemies. We shall soon see to what extent this requirement admits of any German aid to Ghana." As President Kennedy's foreign aid proposals edge toward the floor of Congress, our senators and congressmen would do well to consider that our denial of the underlying common sense of this comment in the German press has already cost us some tens of billions of dollars.

● From page 30, "The Administration of Safety in the New York City Schools," Curriculum Bulletin 1958-1959 series, Number 13, as established by the Board of Superintendents on March 10, 1959, and reiterated in the Manual of Custodial Rules, paragraph 9.9, as quoted in General Circular No. 45, 1960-1961, of the Board of Education of the City of New York, Office of the Superintendent of Schools: "The law against 'no smoking' in the building shall be enforced except in rooms specifically designated by the Principal and posted to that effect and not inconsistent with any regulation of the Fire Department of the City of New York." Huh?

● Secretary of Labor Goldberg, touring the missile bases, made public a letter from the President in which it was stated that the nation "cannot afford the luxury of unavoidable delay in our missile and space program." Avoidable delays, one infers, are unavoidable.

● President Kennedy has asked that military tours of duty be extended. May Congress have the grace to exempt the Commander-in-Chief!

How to Read the Draft Program of the CPSU

It runs well over 50,000 words, twice the number of words in, say, the present issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Every word is there for a carefully meditated purpose, now overt, now concealed. It is as complex as the delicately-balanced, half-sane half-mad but smoothly-functioning mentality that produced it, and that reveals itself in it as through a glass, darkly.

The Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, knowing that the document will yield up its full meaning only to exegesis and discussion sustained over many months, restrict themselves, in this issue, to brief analysis of certain points that emerge at first blush as salient.

The document proposes, above all, a wedding—between the Communists and the people of the world ("hundreds of millions of people on the earth," it submits, "will say: 'We are for Communism' "—and Lo, there shall be Communism!)—and we can, appropriately therefore, divide our salient points into convenient traditional categories:

1. *Something Old:* The first 25,000 words of the document are devoted to a brilliant and sophisticated

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restatement of basic Communist doctrine concerning the struggle between capitalism and Communism, clearly intended for the Communist faithful and *not* intended to persuade or convince unbelievers: all is happening, Part One contends, just as Marx and Engels and, above all, Lenin expected it to. The purpose of Part One, which accordingly becomes high-priority homework for all who would "know our enemy," is to establish the semblance of *continuity* between the Communist present and the Communist past, bridging both the *avowed discontinuity* of the Stalin period and the *apparent discontinuity* of the Khrushchev period; and this becomes a matter, concretely, of adroit use of Lenin's theory of imperialism, the last phase of capitalism, in order to leave the impression that the prophets foresaw, lacking only minor details, the kind of thing that is happening today in Cuba, and the use the Communists have been able to make of it, and of other more or less comparable situations in Africa and Asia. The stunt is unconvincing, yet—since clearly intended, we repeat, for those who require little convincing—it comes off.

2. *Something New:*—or, rather, *two* new things: a) The change of emphasis, within the corpus of general Communist theory, over to the "newly independent" or "semi-independent" nations as the *major* target of Communism's external efforts and policy, and, inseparable from that perhaps, b) the incidence and quality of the authors' confidence in a Communist victory, world-wide, and a great deal sooner than you think. The document exudes the confidence of the champion chess player, with the beginner across the table and deep into the middle-game, who sees mate in three.

3. *Something Borrowed:* Part Two of the Draft Program is the CPSU's blueprint for the future: the Soviets, having in Stage One overthrown the Russian capitalists and in Stage Two built the "socialist system," will in Stage Three "construct" Communism. At the end of Stage Three the needs of all members of Soviet society will be satisfied as a matter of course, and the USSR will be governed from the grass-roots by a process of free discussions with elaborate constitutional guarantees. The specific goals are, in terms of existing standards in the USSR, breathtakingly ambitious, but what strikes the detached reader is that the goals, especially the economic ones, are *borrowed*, and from life in the USSR's great enemy, the United States. The USSR is urged to take as targets, as *maxima* that one dreams of, those levels of achievement that Americans regard as the *minima* of a reasonably comfortable existence. To put the same point differently: the admittedly ambitious character of the goals, upon which the authors themselves insist, is a dead give-away as to the pitiful failure of the Soviet economy to date. The Soviet planners, even in their moments of most uncontrolled fantasy, aspire only to become like America—and possess, for example, a nationwide communications system!

4. *Something Blue:* namely, the vast reaches of bright azure heavens that the authors have had to claim as framework for the long rows of stacks of pie (all flavors, like those you see at a chain bakery in *America*) that they promise to their slaves at some moment in those magic twenty years of "constructive Communism." Blue, too, the appropriate sentiments on the part of the unnumbered millions of Russian peasants against whom—nothing could be more certain—the program, under such innocent phrases as "abolishing the distinction between town and countryside," declares renewed and unremitting warfare. And again we may take comfort from the reverse side of the coin, namely: the peasants, now as always, are giving trouble, and the Communists cannot construct a program without, in effect, confessing as much. As for the pie-in-the-sky, we leave speculation about the validity of the program's promises to those who have accepted current myths about Soviet productivity and its rate of growth.

By Bizerte's Red Glare

We will not pretend we know any "good" solution to the Bizerte crisis. We are inclined to believe that there is no good solution, that this is one more of those tragic episodes—common in our day, and frequent enough in all ages—that bring bad consequences along every alternative branch, so that the best to be hoped for is the least bad.

It is a fact that Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba has in the past pursued a course rather less hostile to the West than most of the new nations' chiefs—though the asylum and training grounds he has given to the FLN show how silly it is to call him, as has generally been done, "pro-Western." It is a fact that the Bizerte clash and its aftermath are pushing him Eastward—perhaps all the harder because he himself so irresponsibly provoked the clash. It is a fact that the defense of France, of Europe and the West requires the Bizerte base, as it even more imperatively requires the Algerian base of Mers el Kebir which France could not possibly retain if she gave up Bizerte even before any settlement in Algeria. It is a fact that it is exceedingly difficult to maintain a military base in the midst of an unfriendly population. It is a fact that most of the Arab world is furious not only with France but with all the Western powers over the Bizerte affair. . . .

All these, along with the cutting of the trans-

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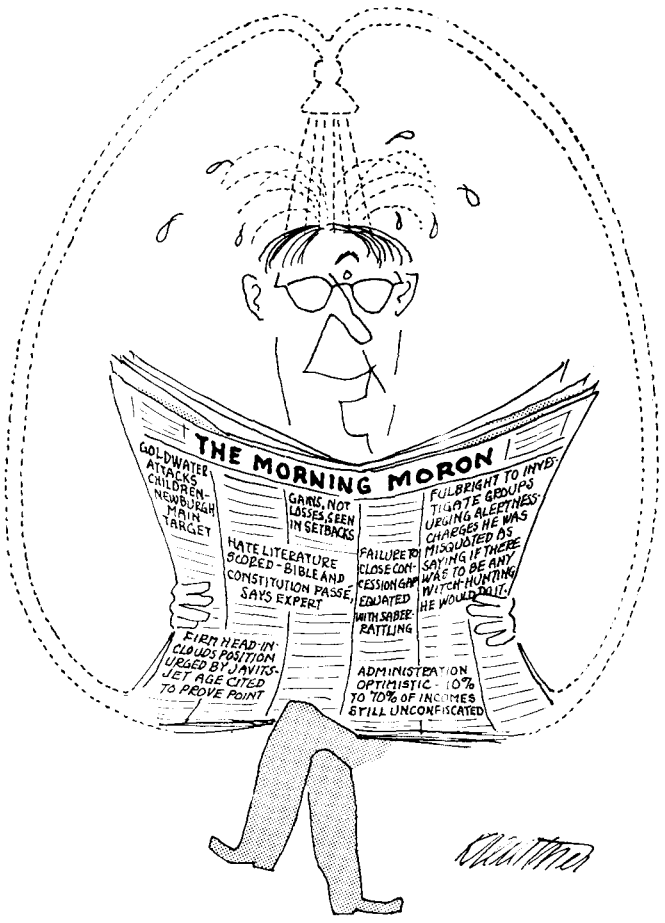
THE MORNING MORON
GOLDWATER ATTACKS CHILDREN-NEWBURGH MAIN TARGET
GAINS, NOT LOSSES SEEN IN SETBACKS
FULBRIGHT TO INVESTIGATE GROUPS URGING ALEETNESS; CHARGES HE WAS MISQUOTED AS SAYING IF THERE WAS TO BE ANY WITCH-HUNTING HE WOULD DO IT!
HATE LITERATURE SCORED - BIBLE AND CONSTITUTION PASSE, SAYS EXPERT
FAILURE TO CLOSE CONCESSION GAP EQUATED WITH SABRE RATTLING
FIRM HEAD-IN-CLOUDS POSITION URGED BY JAVITS-JET AGE CITED TO PROVE POINT
ADMINISTRATION OPTIMISTIC - 10% TO 70% OF INCOMES STILL UNCONFISCATED

***"Although I never know when I'm being brainwashed, I always know I'm getting the real facts when I'm reading the* Moron."**

Tunisian pipeline and the exodus of French civilians from Tunis, are facts, and will not vanish on wishing. But it is also a fact that the Bizerte clash is so harsh a political solvent that it may just possibly dissolve some of the binding cerements of the "decolonizing" ideology in which our international policy has been floundering.

The commentators lament that the Bizerte explosion burst at such an "inconvenient" moment: just when we are trying to get ready for the developing Berlin crisis. Naturally. Why on earth would anyone who wanted to make trouble choose a time *convenient* to his opponent? But there is another effect of the timing, that Bourguiba and whoever egged him on may have overlooked. Yes, the United States is getting ready for Berlin, for maybe fighting for Berlin, and for anyway demonstrating an ability and willingness to fight. Now a fight over Berlin, and Germany and East Europe, or even a closely threatened fight, is Big League stuff, the very biggest, World Series very probably. This is not Laos or Cuba or Congo or any of the other bush league circuits—though even they are not so simple. When the game may be about to start in the Big League, you drop the easy platitudes, and begin really to figure just who the players are who will line up on your team, and what kind of batting averages you can expect from them.

Hmmm. . . . Let's see. There's Tunis over there; and Libya, and Yemen, Togoland and Guinea and Mali and, well, and all that "powerful Afro-Asian bloc" (as one headline put it last week) that can launch such a megaton battery of . . . of, why, of Votes in the UN Assembly.

And in that other corner is France. (Don't mention it out loud, but those ultra-ultra paratroopers looked pretty tough in that Bizerte mopup, didn't they?) Then, out toward the East, is Berlin.

How many brigades, planes, missiles, how much food, money, moral support, do you plan to supply for any fighting that starts over Berlin, Presidents Bourguiba? Nkrumah? Kasavubu? . . . Nehru? Sukarno?

Don't all speak at once, please.

An Atlantic Common Market?

Prime Minister Macmillan has at last made it clear (vindicating a frequently-reiterated NATIONAL REVIEW prediction), that he will use alike the power of his office and the prerogative of his position as party leader to steer Great Britain into the Common Market: not an easy decision to take in view of the party's traditional commitments regarding a preferred position for trade with the Commonwealth, and not an easy decision to implement in view of the anticipated stiff opposition by the Commonwealth leaders, whom he cannot lightly ignore; by certain sections of the Labor Party, which will make the most of his discomfiture; and by the right wing of his own party, which might, over this issue, peel off altogether. A courageous decision, therefore, from a quarter in which courage may soon be needed on other topics, and one that meets admiration even from those who disagree with it.

Let us remind ourselves, however, of the reasons for thinking the decision wise as well as courageous: the logic of Western unity in the face of Soviet aggression is overwhelming; experience has shown, perhaps more clearly here in the United States than anywhere else, that unity follows hard upon the heels of close and expanding trade relations, which "common market" arrangements certainly assure; it is that overwhelming logic that has forced the Prime Minister's hand. All who value Western unity must, therefore, applaud his decision, and begin to prepare themselves for the unavoidable next step to which the logic conduces: if European unity through European "common market" arrangements be a good thing, then Atlantic Community unity through At-

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lantic Community "common market" arrangements might be a better thing, so that: Wanted: An American President with Mr. Macmillan's courage and Mr. Macmillan's capacity to follow a train of argument to its conclusion.

Wink Blinks

Today Wink, Texas, is hot, dusty, rundown, a derelict among towns. But NATIONAL REVIEW's managing editor has good reason to remember it. It provided the single most exciting moment of her early childhood.

It was during the heyday of the west Texas oil boom, in the late 1920's, that she went with her father and mother and several brothers on a motor trip into the Texas oil fields. On the outskirts of Wink, as the car dipped into a gully just at dusk, another car, driving in the opposite direction, swerved into their lane, forcing them to a sudden stop. Her father stepped out: "What's the matter, are you drunk or something?" he asked. The other driver stepped out too. "I'll show you whether I'm drunk," he said, and pulled out a revolver. "Get back inside!" he ordered. He started toward their car, then hesitated as oncoming headlights swept down into the gully. Sensing the indecision, our editor's father slammed into gear, hellbent for Wink. The bandit shot once. (The children were delighted, later, to discover the bullet in a suitcase in the baggage compartment; they only regretted that one of them had not been—very *very* slightly—wounded.)

In Wink, then a bustling new frontier town with dirt streets, false-fronted houses and board planks instead of sidewalks, they drew up to the police station. The burly sheriff who listened to their story remarked: "You sure were lucky. We've picked up two or three bodies on that stretch in the past couple of weeks."

That must have been the time when Wink reached its peak population of 30,000. Afterwards the oil boom petered out: the discoveries had been made, the wells drilled. The riggers and roughnecks moved on—and Wink started to die.

Its population had shrunk to 1,900 upon a certain day when Max Triplet, of the Wink Chamber of Commerce, first heard the magical words, "Urban Renewal," and fired off a letter to Washington asking, very humbly, if by chance the feds had any interest in the Urban Renewal of Wink. By return mail (or what passes as return mail on bureaucratic schedules) Wink received $76,451. This token was to finance pre-planning for Urban Renewal. The Washington authorities said Wink was not to worry about spending the money. If its appeal for Urban Renewal

©*Punch, Ben Roth*

"I can't understand all this fuss over the loss of a few secrets. Surely we must have plenty more."

was refused, the government would forget about the advance; if approved, the $76,451 could be paid back to the Federal Government from the additional federal funds. In due course—several hundred letters, four years and a change of administration later—Wink got the word; project approved, $1,039,785 on its way.

Wink has big plans. It will pave all the streets in a 220-acre area; raze a bunch of buildings in the business district to make way for an up-to-date, wide-avenued shopping center with shrub-bordered walks and plenty of parking space. Three hundred houses (which fail to meet the new building code which was what Wink spent part of that initial $76,451 in drawing up) will be condemned, torn down and the tenants moved at (up to $3,000) government expense. A new building and construction (and land speculation) boom is on, but there's one hitch: who's going to live in the houses, buy at the stores, and park in the lots? Wink has nothing to offer new residents by way of industry, agriculture or climate. But this is the New Frontier, pardner, and its ghost towns are going to be high-class Urban-Renewed ghost towns, or the planners will know the reason why.

Ethics and Power

The White House has decreed a new ethical code. Henceforth all federal employees must not disclose official information. They must avoid conflict of interest between official duties and outside activities. They must have no financial interest related to their official duties or to information resulting from their official duties (must the President under this provision sell his government bonds?). They must accept no bribes, nor any gifts that may be interpreted as

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bribes. They must not use government property for their own benefit.

As far as it goes, the new moral law sounds reasonable, but can it go far enough? The problem of ethical conduct in high places will remain with us as long as humanity remains fallible; and, what is more, the problem is proportional to the power enjoyed by the officials involved. As more and more inside information seeps into Washington; as more and more business is transacted through regulatory agencies; as larger and larger sums of money are dispersed by officials earning Civil Service wages; as more and more commercial decisions rest upon federal approval; so more and more temptations rise up to distract the Washington officialdom. It is the swelling power of the central administration which, like an underground river, feeds the rotting jungle we see above ground. The White House would attack this swamp with pruning shears. This will not serve. The only means of control is to withhold the nutrients of corruption: withhold the power; dry up that Arethusa to the greatest extent possible, and return the control of ordinary affairs to the ordinary citizens.

Buckbeats?

Greenwich Village, long a haven for radicals of the Left, this year found itself inhabited by a new radical breed—an aggressive chapter of Young Americans for Freedom. The question soon arose: Can a conservative, too, be a beat? Queried on this crucial point by the *Village Voice*, both Mrs. Rosemary McGrath, chairman of the YAF chapter, and George Sokolsky, its elder statesman, answered "Yes," and gave their reasons. Came quickly a letter of protest from a reader in Long Island City (square and bourgeois territory), saying the only possible similarity would be physical, since a conservative expresses himself politically, and the true beat retreats to the womb.

Now Mary Nichols, for the *Voice*, has answered the challenge. "There are certain characteristics common to both [conservatives and beats]," she insists; both "are essentially interested primarily in themselves." She quotes Karl E. Meyer, author of *The New America: The Age of the Smooth Deal,* who argues that the cornerstone of both the beat philosophy and William F. Buckley's is the single individual, and that both should be called "Buckbeats." As for the politics *vs.* the womb dispute, Miss Nichols is unimpressed. "Crawling back into the womb," she points out, "has just as much political effect as walking into a voting booth and choosing between Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

For the Record

Senate resolution opposing seating of Red China in UN (vote was 76-0) this year included strong condemnatory clause, inserted by Sen. Dodd, accusing Peiping of playing major part in international narcotics traffic. . . . House of Delegates of American Bar Association, meeting in St. Louis this week, expected to adopt anti-Peiping resolution.

Prospects fair to better-than that conservative Columbia businessman Charles Boineau will be first Republican member elected to South Carolina legislature in August 8 election. . . . Following Tower win, 200 prominent conservative Democrats in Lamb County, Texas, 150 in Harlingen, have publicly announced switch to GOP. . . . Doing effective job in publishing conservative articles in its bulletin, the Foreign Policy Research Institute of South Carolina, headed by Charleston News and Courier associate editor Anthony Harrigan. . . . Criticism in Washington growing over number of diplomats, bureaucrats (and relatives) JFK sends around the globe on fact-finding missions.

Mayor Willi Brandt points out that every fifth member country of UN has fewer inhabitants than free Berlin. . . . British Treasury studying advisability of putting British currency on decimal system and of minting plastic, multi-colored coins. . . . Norway's nationalized telephone system admits that more than 800 persons have been waiting for phones for over ten years. . . . Wilson Meat Company, third largest of the U.S. meat packing companies in Argentina, closing down after 48 years because of wildcat strikes. . . . Cuba, which has acute meat shortage, shipped 200 steers, 400 hogs to Soviet Union last month. . . . State Department has refused Lyle Stuart, publisher of many pro-Communist books, permission to visit Cuba. . . . Japan refusing visa to U.S. Communist Herbert Aptheker to take part in Hiroshima commemoration ceremonies later this month. . . . A Japanese film company turning out Nipponese Western: every part, from sheriff to outlaw, will be played by Japanese.

Going the rounds in Catholic conservative circles: "Mater sí, Magistra no."

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The Third World War

History à la Deutscher

JAMES BURNHAM

On July 2 the *Sunday Times* of London published a long article under the head, "New Russia-China Clash Revealed," with the subhead: *Khrushchev Accuses Mao: "Inciting World War."* The author, in whose name a World Copyright is claimed, is given as "Isaac Deutscher, author of 'Stalin, a Political Biography,' and a leading authority on Soviet affairs."

Burnham

This article was published simultaneously in the *Washington Post & Times-Herald* and (in an abridged translation) in the most influential Italian newspaper, *Corriera della Sera* of Milan. A complete French translation was carried in the July 4, 5, 6 issues of *France-Soir*. Headlined news dispatches about the article appeared in most of the leading newspapers of the non-Communist world, including those in the United States. It may be presumed that copyrighter Deutscher raked in a pretty penny for this latest scoop in the most imaginative serial of the decade: *The Myth of the Sino-Soviet Split* (to be continued, and continued, and continued).

Isaac Deutscher, a British citizen, is indeed a well-known writer on Soviet affairs, and undoubtedly is regarded by most persons active in these matters as "a leading authority." He has written a political biography of Trotsky as well as of Stalin, and numerous other books on Soviet and Communist matters. These have been published by the Oxford University Press and other reputable houses, respectfully reviewed in the scholarly as well as commercial media, and assigned as texts to students seeking enlightenment on things Soviet. Deutscher has been a visiting lecturer at Harvard and other American universities. (A grant from the Rockefeller Foundation enabled him to pursue his researches at Harvard and the Hoover Library for his Trotsky biography.) His articles, which have been printed in many magazines, have lately been appearing in *The Reporter*, the English *New Statesman*, and in *Encounter*, published in London by the American-supported Congress for Cultural Freedom.

It should be added that acceptance of Deutscher's role as a leading authority is not quite universal. The French magazine, *Est & Ouest*, which is as precise in its language as in its scholarship, comments on his achievements as follows: "What above all characterizes the works of this 'Sovietologue' is the distortion of the past by the falsification of facts; and of the present, by fictions. As for his predictions, they are systematically refuted by events." In witness thereof, *Est & Ouest* cites Deutscher's finding, after Stalin's death, that Beria was the leading "liberal reformer," and Khrushchev the die-hard chief of "the Stalinist wing." At the close of the 20th Congress of the Russian Communist Party, Deutscher reported (on the basis of his ever mysterious, secret, and always unnamed sources) that Khrushchev had "fiercely refused" to "repudiate his dead leader." The 20th Congress was the gathering at which Khrushchev was in actuality delivering the historic attack on Stalin and Stalinism that became public a couple of months later.

Eeny, Meeny, Mao

More recently, Deutscher told in *The Reporter* exactly what the Algerian FLN leader, Ferhat Abbas, and Mao Tse-tung had said to each other during Abbas' visit to Peiping. That the Deutscher account differed totally from that which Abbas himself printed somewhat later in the Tunisian magazine *Afrique-Action* is no doubt to be explained by the superior reliability of Deutscher's sources.

According to Deutscher, his new scoop is a fierce attack on Mao Tse-tung which Khrushchev composed and circulated among the leadership of a number of Communist parties. The *Sunday Times* (*et al.*) article so characterizes the secret document, and presents, partly in direct quotes, partly in seeming paraphrase, the secret content.

"A new and momentous quarrel," announces Deutscher in his introductory paragraph, "has broken out between Russia and China, and Nikita Khrushchev has been directing a hurricane fire of accusations against Mao Tse-tung. He charges the leader of Chinese Communism with 'disloyalty,' 'subversive agitation,' and 'incitement to world war.' He also threatens Mao that he will at last bring into the open their protracted and hitherto secret or semi-secret dispute."

Curiouser and Curiouser

Within a couple of days after publication—too late to counteract the political effect of this latest chapter of the Sino-Soviet myth, or, presumably, to interfere with Deutscher's fee—several French observers had remarked a curious coincidence. Deutscher's secret Khrushchev document read just like a free English translation of a text printed several weeks earlier in the June-July issue (price, one New Franc) of *Voie communiste*, an obscure organ of opposition (Trotskyite-Titoist) French Communists. This text, in turn, was traced back to a semi-secret pamphlet called "For Ideological Unity in the World Communist Movement," which (with specific references to certain French Communists not found in the subsequent versions) was circulated among oppositionists and French Party members just before the May Congress of the French Communist Party.

In a key passage, for example, the French (*VC*) text reads:

Lorsque l'intérêt des forces socialistes du monde entier et des peuples exploités des pays capitalistes rendait plus nécessaire que jamais une hardie politique de coexistence pacifique avec des pays hostiles au socialisme, toute initiative soviétique

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dans le sens de la coopération fut qualifiée par la direction du P. C. chinois comme une trahison, comme un accord avec les occupants de Formose ou comme un sacrifice des intérêts de la Chine populaire à ceux de l'URSS."

And the corresponding *Sunday Times* text: "'When our interests . . . ,' Moscow goes on to say, 'more than ever demanded from us a determined policy of coexistence with the countries hostile to socialism, the leadership of the Chinese Communist parties denounced our every initiative in this direction as treason, as appeasing the invaders of Formosa, or as a sacrifice of the interests of the USSR.'"

By one more coincidence, the same issue of *Voie communiste* printed an article by Deutscher himself.

Deutscher was caught so far out on his limb that on July 23 he had to make public an "explanation." He admitted that *VC had* printed a document closely similar to "the one he had cited." But he denied that

the *VC* text was his "principal source." He had got hold of another most secret document from some unnamable spot, and had learned the background from an unnamed "important Communist," etc.

Branko Lazitch, one of the few serious scholars of Communist and Soviet history, has placed a number of paragraphs from the *VC* and *Sunday Times* texts, comparable to the pair above, in parallel columns. Reading them over makes Deutscher's apologies rather less convincing that they might be, but all things are possible in the fairyland of Sovietology.

Road to Oz

The last big similar sensation in the construction of the Sino-Soviet myth was launched last February over the by-line of another "leading authority on Soviet affairs," Edward Crankshaw, in *The Observer* (London), and escalated by Harry Schwartz in the *New York Times.* The document in that case—wherein Crankshaw and Schwartz quite probably acted in good, if too uncritical, faith—showed on analysis such ignorance of Communist ways that we may infer a non-Communist origin. CIA, an early convert to the Sino-Soviet myth (partly thinking it truth, partly hoping that getting people to believe it will make it truth), has been suggested as a likely source.

M. Lazitch shows by textual analysis that the document which Deutscher borrowed was probably prepared by Titoists. This hypothesis is further indicated by the circumstances of its pre-Deutscher appearances, and has been explicitly affirmed by Auguste Lecoeur, a well-known French oppositionist.

The few emendations that Deutscher has made in the earlier text are not without their political interest. He has shifted the language somewhat, to play up the friendly and politically close relation which the *VC* text declares to exist between Tito and Moscow as against the provocateurs, wild men, and warmongers of China and Albania. And he has strengthened the language in which the *VC* text refers to Mao's bellicosity. The *VC* text, for example, states that according to Mao "there has been no change whatever in the nature of imperialism since the end of the second World War," so that "the threat of war" (*le danger de guerre*) is still present—orthodox truisms with which no Communist of any tendency would disagree. Deutscher upgrades the formulation to read that "an armed conflict between capitalism and Communism is inevitable in the future." Therefore the USSR should "make use of its present crushing superiority in missiles, bombs and nuclear weapons" in order to bring the United States to

terms, "even if that should lead to war."

But the most significant and imaginative addition updates the text by adding a reference to Berlin—which was not of course in sharp focus when the original texts were prepared. It is "in part because of the Chinese pressure" that Khrushchev has adopted the "hard foreign policy" expressed by the demands on Berlin. "The necessity of competing with Mao Tse-tung for leadership in the Communist camp is an important factor in the decision taken by Khrushchev" to act in relation to Berlin. This "difficult and complicated" Berlin maneuver is "ostensibly directed solely against the West, but in reality is also directed against China."

The underlying political meaning of the whole operation is summarized by M. Lazitch: "Thus, they are trying to shut the West in a false dilemma: choose between Mao, who presses toward the Third World War, and Khrushchev, who, modestly, asks only a change in the status of Berlin."

Two final notes:

1) With only one or two exceptions, the great newspapers of the Western world, which once more allowed themselves to be used as propaganda megaphones for the Communist enterprise (and dupes of unscrupulous journalists), have made no correction or apology, or—we may safely guess—any plans for caution in the future.

2) Some of the most thoroughly informed observers of these matters believe that CIA, learning nothing from its Crankshaw flop, was also a causal link in the chain that this time stretched to Deutscher.

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Letter from Austria

The Central Tyrol Powder Keg

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

If it weren't for the serious tension over Berlin and the Algerian imbroglio, the Tyrolean problem would probably dominate the political scene today. This issue affects only a small area, the central part of the Tyrol (misnamed the South Tyrol), but deeply disturbing events often have modest origins. The origins of this quarrel, seemingly affecting only small, happy-go-lucky Austria (pleasantly preoccupied with its sudden prosperity) and Italy, with a population seven times as large, are simple.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

In 1919 Italy was given the Italian-speaking South Tyrol (Trentino) and the German-speaking Austrian Tyrol very much against the wishes of the latter population. During the thirties, Fascist Italy brutally oppressed the German-speaking people of the Central Tyrol, this time with the connivance of Hitler, who had the renegade's hatred for his native Austria plus expansion toward the East in his mind. He wanted to see the people of the Central Tyrol resettled in the Carpathian regions and in the Crimea.

After World War II, when the high-flown ideals of the Atlantic Charter were so prominently displayed, the Central Tyroleans, with a fine record of resistance against Fascists and Nazis alike, hoped for liberation and reunion with the Austrian Tyrol. But Britain, then under a Labor government, and Moscow, fearing that reintegration of the staunchly conservative and religious Central Tyrol would strengthen the Right in Austria, vetoed this territorial adjustment.

The denial of freedom to the Central Tyroleans was so flagrant that the Allies put pressure on Italy to grant autonomy to the area. A treaty was signed between defeated Italy and liberated Austria, granting to the German-speaking Central Tyroleans the right to manage their own affairs.

Italy, however, fearful that autonomy might be the first step toward a reunification with Austria, "interpreted" the autonomy status in an exceedingly clever way. It lumped together the Central Tyrol and the Italian-speaking Trentino and gave autonomy to the entire region. This looked magnanimous at first glance, but in practice it made for an Italian majority in the Diet—a splendid example of gerrymandering. The Central Tyroleans, cheated of true autonomy, invoked the aid of the Austrian government as signatory of the original agreement. The Austrian Socialists, partners in the coalition government, belatedly assented to efforts to save the cultural integrity of an area so dear to all patriotic Austrians, and joint conferences were held with the Italians. The United Nations was called in, more joint talks followed, but what the tedious negotiations made clear is that the present Italian government is willing to grant every imaginable minor concession save autonomy and to encourage by any and all means the further immigration of Italians into the artificially industrialized Central Tyrol.

Since we are living in a democratic age, the aim of the Italian Government is to create an Italian majority. Once the valleys of the Central Tyrol will be filled with Italian factory hands, it will be easy enough to stage a plebiscite demonstrating that the people of this area no longer desire local autonomy. The Italian population has risen from three per cent in 1919 to 36 per cent in 1961, and it is against these figures as much as anything that the SVP, the Party of the Autonomists, is waging a desperate battle.

At the present moment this struggle —due to the stubbornness of the Italian Government as well as to the halfheartedness of Vienna—has taken on most dangerous forms—dangerous to Western unity, dangerous to the whole trend toward European integration. The shrewdness of the Italian tactics (their dilatoriness, since 1946, in implementing the treaty has been a masterpiece of diplomacy and politics in the best Mediterranean tradition) is counterbalanced by an incredible stupidity in strategy. And now the government seems to have lost its head. Thanks to its constant frontal attacks, molestations, and rigidity towards the SVP—which, after all, is led by the moderates—the truly radical elements among the Tyroleans have come to the fore and have resorted to a reprehensible "propaganda of action." It must, however, be said in the latter's defense that world opinion ignored the entire issue until the first dynamite sticks went off, the first high voltage pylons crumbled, and the first hydroelectric plants were damaged.

In countering these terrorist tactics, the Italians, so far, have only killed accidentally a couple of innocents, but it seems now that they are out to make martyrs; every measure they have taken up to now has led to further alienation, further loss of friends or well-wishers. The arrest and keeping in jail for 42 days of an Austrian civil servant on vacation, a woman and a true moderate in Central Tyrolean affairs; the curfews; the reintroduction of visas for Austrians (a measure ruinous to the Italian tourist trade); the refusal to admit an international investigation commission; the proposed law to exile the victims of the Hitler-Mussolini agreement for "anti-national" behavior—all this has weakened their position.

The attitude of the Italian Government not only has forced the rather reluctant hand of the Austrian Socialists; it has invoked the specter of something infinitely worse: German intervention. This does not mean that the Bonn Government will step in because the big parties of Germany (with the exception of the Liberal FDP) are fearful of being accused of Pan-Germanism. But in Europe people of the same (or even of a closely kindred) language have

(Continued on p. 85)

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The Strange Drift of Liberal Catholicism

A Catholic layman observes the inroads of Liberal ideology on the thought of prominent Catholic Liberals, and traces the resulting embezzlement of the West's position.

L. BRENT BOZELL

I write to remark a strange state of affairs within the American Catholic Church that induces, for instance, the Jesuit weekly *America* to feature an article by George H. Dunne, S.J. (May 13), called "How We Look to Others." One could as easily point to a subsequent offering by the same Fr. Dunne (an anti-American tirade which *America* featured on June 17); but I choose the earlier piece because it has some structure to it, and so provides better, more schematic insights into the kind of thing that is being preached under Catholic auspices.

Fr. Dunne's article, while an extreme case, falls well within the ideational structure of what has come to be the dominant strain of articulate Catholic opinion in the United States—a domination that is most complete in the journal-of-opinion field where *America* and her secular sister, *Commonweal,* hold sway.

Before going further, let us get the article in question in front of us. And let us anticipate the suspicion of unfair characterization, which any two-sentence summary is bound to arouse, by giving Fr. Dunne time and space to develop his thesis in his own way.

"How We Look to Others" begins by describing "the average American" as "puzzled" that there should be "so much anti-Americanism about" while, *e.g.* in Latin America, Fidel Castro is "so popular a hero." This mystery would soon disappear if, as the title suggests, the American could see himself and Castroism "as others do." Fortunately, for these purposes, Fr. Dunne has come upon in a back issue of *Time* (August 8, 1960), "two quotations" which will give the American "just the perspective he needs." One of the *Time* quotes deals with Che Guevara and comes from the mouth of "a friend" who, Fr. Dunne tells us, knew Guevara in 1953 "when he held a minor job in Guatemala's agararian program": "Once we came across a group of undernourished, belly-bloated kids . . . Che [says his friend] went into one of his rages. He cursed everybody from God to North American 'exploiters' and wound up with a frightening asthmatic attack that lasted for two hours."

The contrasting quote comes from "an American bean grower." This man, by Fr. Dunne's account, "is fighting efforts to provide a minimum of schooling for the children of migrant farm workers who, full-fledged field hands at nine years of age, are doomed by illiteracy to dreary servitude for life." The bean grower explains his position: "When a migrant goes to school beyond the seventh grade, you've ruined a good bean picker."

"Typical" Images

Fr. Dunne now asks us to "examine these two images side by side! The dedicated revolutionary who admits to being a Marxist, and *the typical representative of American society*[1] —Guevara cursing himself into asthmatic rage at the sight of underprivileged children, the American coldly assaying the value of the stunted American as bean picker." The reader rushes forward at this point to fault Fr. Dunne with merely an uncharitable figure of speech: surely he knows that the ghoulish sentiments attributed to the bean grower are not "typical" of anything —other than the graphic cast of *Time's* reporting. But Fr. Dunne has anticipated the "objection" and it "does not stand up." The bean grower, he grimly insists, "*is* typical" —not only of Americans who work the soil, but also of those who don't; of the former because their lobbies have "coldly . . . resisted . . . every effort to improve the wretched lot of [migrants]," and of the latter because they are "unmoved . . . and indifferent" to this "miserable exploitation."

Nor, Fr. Dunne hastens to add the point, are we to question the authenticity of Guevara's "image." After citing a recent issue of *Commonweal* to establish the genuineness of Karl Marx's "concern" for the women and children of Manchester, Fr. Dunne writes: "It is basically the same idealism, the same concern, which triggered Guevara's rage [and] sparked Fidel Castro. Guevara sacrificed a medical career, Castro a legal career, to set the peasants free."

Nor yet is our support for such "idealism" to be withheld because of what we know about its real-life consequences. Fr. Dunne is determined to cut off this line of retreat as well. "What matters," he goes on, "is *not* whether Castro is destroying more than he is building, or whether the sum total of human suffering in Cuba has been halved or doubled. . . . What matters is that . . . today [Castro] is master of Cuba." And "what matters"—Fr. Dunne is now ready to state his central thesis—is that Castro got where he is by projecting "the image of an angry man *bent on destroying a social structure* which says that the poor must be kept poor and ignorant so that we will have good bean pickers."

Where else does this analysis apply? Clearly, Fr. Dunne says, it accounts for China. To explain the Communist takeover in terms of

[1] Emphases here and elsewhere are added.

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American foreign policy is "sheer nonsense," as witness Fr. Dunne's own prediction in 1933 that the Communists "would inevitably come to power" unless a "crash program" were undertaken by other Chinese "*to destroy* [the country's] frightfully disordered social structure. . . ." Fr. Dunne is "aware of the mess of pottage the Chinese have bought." "Many" Chinese "wondered what happened to their great dream." But not "all." "The hundreds of thousands of young people who turn out for parades and demonstrations do not have the look of sullen prisoners of the regime. . . . They are still carried along by the specter of an evil world to be destroyed and a better world to be built."

And where else? As Fr. Dunne draws to a close, the reader suspects the answer, but somehow hopes to be spared it. . . . "There was a time when America . . . inflamed imaginations, set feet jiggling and hearts dancing." No longer. "What comes through [today] is the hard-faced image of the bean growers, the hate-contorted faces of New Orleans housewives screaming epithets into the ears of a bewildered Negro child." And what Americans must do about it is become "an angry people . . . who react, not blasphemously like Guevara, but like Christ in the temple, *against a social structure which creates, perpetuates or tolerates human misery anywhere.*" Against our own, that is to say—thanks to which "West Virginia children have bloated bellies . . . Mexican-American children slave in the fields [and] Negro children are treated like medieval lepers." Otherwise, Fr. Dunne says, "our grandchildren may learn that Khrushchev was right about them."

Three Dimensions

There are two things one might do with this analysis that are plainly not worth doing. One is to argue with its factual generalizations. An informed man, which in other ways Fr. Dunne betrays himself to be, does not apodictically assert that the life-motivation of Guevara and Castro is "to set the peasants *free*," or offer the faces at a Peiping rally as a relevant measure of the popularity of the Communist rule in China.

The other is to remonstrate against Fr. Dunne for his grossness. He must be aware that he is trafficking in wanton hyperbole, and has presumably weighed the ethical implications of doing so against the needs of his argument; and so he knows very well what he is doing. The important thing is that *we* understand what he is doing, and that we make an effort to discover what may have drawn him off balance. For this purpose, I suggest we treat Fr. Dunne and his school of thought in three capacities—as 1) *propagandist,* as 2) *social reformer* and as 3) *philosopher.*

In the propaganda dimension, Fr. Dunne's analysis, at first glance, appears to be a mere restatement of a theme about the nature of the Cold War and how to win it that we have been hearing for fifteen years: a) The war is essentially an election contest between the free world and Communism in which "world opinion" is the electorate. b) The free world is losing because it is failing to communicate the "superiority of its way of life." This is partly the result of our failure to guard against certain disfigurements on our "image"—*e.g.,* the McCarthyism binge, *e.g.,* the persecution of Negroes, *e.g.,* our support of colonialism. c) The problem, therefore, is to work on that image—ride herd on the Voice of America, tidy up at home by suppressing the extravagances of unruly minorities, conduct ourselves abroad so as to "prove" our devotion to democratic and egalitarian principles —and so make sure that the "true" America "gets across."

On second glance, however, this is not Fr. Dunne's main business at all. He is not describing merely how we "look" to others, but how we *are;* and not how our enemies look, but how *they* are. We are suffering not from bad propaganda, but from what our propagandists have to work with. The trouble is not that we give the world a false image, but a correct one; not that certain features of our system make America appear ugly, but that we *are* ugly; not that the superiority of our way of life is "not getting across," but that, by the relevant standards, our way of life is not superior.

Where we are concerned, Fr. Dunne is not willing to treat the excesses of some employers of migrants or of some segregationists as unrepresentative of American life. Having characterized these positions in gutter terms, he goes on to ascribe them to the whole people, and indeed as a necessary outgrowth of our social system. Never mind that Americans, as a whole, are largely unaware of the migrant issue, and opposed to the excesses being used to maintain (and, sometimes, to oppose) segregation.

"Inside" Guevara

Where the Communists are concerned, Fr. Dunne also uses tendentious characterizations—but of an exculpatory kind—(Guevara *"admits to being a Marxist"* where "Guevara is a Communist" would be the more natural way to have said it; Guevara assayed the surrounding poverty *"when he held a minor job in Guatemala's agrarian program"* where it would have been more informative to say that Guevara was a roving Latin American agent for the Communist International, attached at that time to Guatemala to help consolidate the power of Col. Arbenz' Communist regime).

These characterizations might be defended as attempts to render faithfully the Communist "image." But he goes beyond them. He must get "inside" Guevara and reveal that what really makes Guevara tick is precisely what the "image" makers would have one believe—solicitude for hungry peasants. And—for such is Fr. Dunne's unmistakable implication—that this kind of thing moves Communists in general, Khrushchev and Kadar no less than Mao and Castro.

In effect, then (for these are falsehoods he is telling about us and the Communists) Fr. Dunne has allowed himself to become a propagandist for the Communist revolution.

Viewing the article as a plea for social reform, Fr. Dunne, again, at first glance, seems to be echoing a familiar theme: the idea that the West has too long indulged social inequities in its own house, and that now, in order to survive revolutionary challenges, Western nations must move decisively to adjust their social orders.

Yet after reading on a bit, we learn that Fr. Dunne has no patience for

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Che Guevara

"adjusting" the social orders, but wants (in his words) to "destroy" them. The reader hopes, during the passages on Cuba, that Fr. Dunne's point will merely be that an angry man's *promise* "to destroy" poverty, etc., is what it takes to get social action (a reckless enough observation). But taking the passage as a whole, it is clear that Fr. Dunne desired for Cuba the *actual destruction of the existing order*. For China, the same: many years ago, Fr. Dunne says by way of establishing his credentials, "I was urging . . . the necessity . . . to destroy the [Chinese] social structure." Regarding the U.S., the exhortation to destroy a social order becomes a plea to "an angry people" to "react against" it; but the choice of words, we must assume, is constrained by tact. The important point is that even in the U.S. the proper target of the main attack is not a specific inequity, or even specific inequities, but *the social structure that "tolerates" inequities*.

Destroy the System

Except in psychopathic cases, the mark of a wrecker mentality is not that it wants wreckage, but that it will not think forward to the ultimate consequences of destroying what it deems evil: either that, or it instinctively dismisses the consequences as less important than the purifying act of destroying. "What matters is not that Castro is destroying more than he is building. . . ." In Cuba and China, God goes, and human dignity and freedom—not unimportant things, surely, in the view of a Catholic priest. Nay, more. The wrecker is indifferent even to the fate of the values he champions. It doesn't matter whether "human suffering" in Cuba has "doubled," any more than it matters, we gather, that one hundred and fifty million persons (the figure is Joseph Alsop's) will probably have to die of starvation before hunger is overcome in Communist China.

The wrecker's blindness to consequences can also be seen in Fr. Dunne's thoughtless demagoguery about bean pickers—"doomed by illiteracy to dreary servitude for life." Fr. Dunne seems to be saying 1) that bean-picking is dreary servitude, and 2) that bean pickers ought to be sent to school where they can learn, among other things, how demeaning their vocation is. Which schooling is bound to result in either a) no more bean-picking, or b) a pack of revolutionaries picking beans. If Fr. Dunne is correct, then he and *Time's* misanthropic bean grower were predicting the same consequences for education.

When Fr. Dunne turns to the goals he would have America adopt, we once again seem to be hearing a familiar theme: as Eisenhower, Nixon, Kennedy and nearly everyone else have been saying in recent years, America must make a world-wide "war" against poverty, illiteracy and disease. In fact, however, Fr. Dunne is taking the argument a decisive step further: his point is not that we must "make" such a war, but that we must win it. *Destroy* the social system that "says" "the poor must be kept poor," that "perpetuates or tolerates human misery everywhere." The step is decisive for what it necessarily implies about the perfectibility of the human condition, and thus for the philosophy it teaches. Here, indeed, is the idealism of the utopianists, of Karl Marx—the notion that human manipulation of man's material circumstances can eliminate misery and social tension; and it is an important reason why Marxism has been anathematized by the Christian churches. A whole *Weltanschauung* is implied here—one that denies the mysterious ravages of original sin, the relevance of divine redemption, the subordination of matter to spirit. And at some point it must, as it did for Guevara, call into question the existence of a good God. For one does not for long take up the burdens of ridding the world of misery without realizing that God is the chief obstructionist: God who made it that way, and God who taught, in cautioning against distraction from the affairs of the spirit, that "the poor you will always have with you." At the very least, it will lead to the astigmatism of the religious vision—of the kind that can produce such doctrinal and historical monstrosities as the suggestion that Christ's anger in the temple was directed against disordered social structures!

The Liberal Line

The minor question: How did a Catholic priest come to write such a piece? The major question: How did the editors of a prominent Catholic journal come to publish it? Consider the following hypothesis. The anti-American, amoral materialism of Fr. Dunne's article is not a "typical" expression of what we earlier called articulate Catholic opinion. What is typical is what we have been calling the "familiar themes"—the commonplaces of contemporary Liberal teaching about foreign policy that Fr. Dunne, as we saw, first seemed to be embracing, but then took us one step beyond. What is altogether typical is an editorial ("On Fighting Communism") that appeared in *America* last April for the second time, having won a first prize from the Catholic Press Association after its initial appearance two years ago. The gist of the editorial is that Communism "is" 1) "a conspiracy aimed at world conquest" (which, of course, is an assertion about Communist techniques and the scope of Communist ambitions, but does not tell us what Communism "is") and 2) *"a movement of social protest [that] appeals to the victims of capitalist oppression and colonial exploitation"*; that 3) in fighting it, Catholics must give the second aspect "priority" by recognizing "the pressing necessity of demonstrating to the world, by our solicitude for justice here at home, the superiority of our way of life to the Communist way"; and 4) that the "anti-Communism" of those who

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do not see it this way is "no more than a form of escapism from the anxieties and frustrations of a harsh and turbulent world."

Our hypothesis, then, is this: *that the familiar themes contain the seeds of Fr. Dunne's thesis and must sooner or later, by an inner logic, produce Fr. Dunne's harvest*—concretely, that a rigorous logician bent on making sense of the Liberal Catholic position would carry the argument just where Fr. Dunne has carried it, and that the editors of *America,* when they found such a piece on their desks, would be hard-pressed to say just what, on their own showing, is objectionable.

The Propaganda Dimension

The central assumption of the image argument is that the standards for proper behavior in the Cold War are those set by world opinion. That is "good" which comports with what world opinion "likes." That which world opinion does not like must, if the country is to present a "successful image," change. And what is world opinion? Invariably Liberals refer us to Asians, Africans and Latin Americans. And understandably: for one thing these represent most of the world's people; for another, in the Liberal view of the cold war, they constitute the "swing" vote in the world election contest.

But is it not clear that there is a fundamental rivalry between these peoples and Americans—especially in the context of Communist agitation—that precludes, *a priori,* their "approval" of us? They are poor, and the poor envy the rich. They are, by comparison with the U.S., failures as nations, and failures resent the successes of others. They are weak, and the weak are jealous of the strong. Most of them are colored or yellow, or have colored or yellow blood, and non-whites, in the main, hold a grudge against whites. It is not our sins that offend others, but what we are that offends them. Any view of us through hostile lenses—whether it is Nkrumah looking or an American priest—is bound to produce distortions; and any judgment of us by such standards is sure to find us, as Fr. Dunne has, "bad."

One suspects that if Fr. Dunne, and *America* too, were to invoke occasionally the less parochial standards of a universal church, and make allowances for the weakness of humankind, they would find America not so difficult to defend.

Or, take the question of social reform. The familiar theme holds that the West must, forthwith, cleanse itself of certain internal contaminations, *e.g.,* racial inequality; otherwise it not only cannot, but does not deserve to win. The key ingredient of the theme, faithfully echoed in the typical Catholic Liberal statement of it, is an apocalyptic sense of urgency. On Southern schools: they must be opened to Negroes *now.* On segregation generally: nothing must stand in the way of immediate and complete abolition of racial barriers. Any compromise is a compromise with *evil.* Any postponement of full success till tomorrow is a denial, today, of social *justice.*

In fairness to Catholic Liberals, it should be noted that their crusade dates back only fifteen or twenty years—about the time the secular Liberals put on their warpaint. Before then, to be sure, most Catholic opinion disapproved of segregation, and often preached against it with vigor; but the abolitionist demands of today were, for the most part, considered socially and morally irresponsible. Was the Catholic Church then—in 1940, say—"compromising with evil"? But of course not. The moral theologians of that day, but not of this, had the courage to remind hotheads that equality does not bear a one-one relationship to justice—that justice means *a just reconciliation of competing claims.* In the South, there were some competing claims—those of order, of community tradition, of the deeply imbedded sensibilities of whites—that had to be taken into account. According to this teaching, the way to bring about Negro equality without substituting one unjust solution for another was to try to synchronize the recognition of Negro claims with the development among whites of attitudes sympathetic to those claims.

But there were other considerations besides abstract justice. The Catholic Church had been dealing with social inequities, and sometimes, for well-considered reasons, *not* dealing with them, for two thousand years—long enough to have learned something about the chemistry of social change. It knew something of the inner logic through which reckless zealotry among reformers produces the "wrecker" mentality, through which violent assaults on one part of a social structure lead either to a buckling of the structure itself, or—if nothing gives—to a desperate, free-wheeling assault on the whole. It knew enough, that is, to try to tame its Father Coughlins and its Father Dunnes.

This Catholic, today, would like to be hearing a little more of the Church's traditional teaching about the organic nature of a social structure, of the interdependence of its various elements, good *and* bad; of the intimate relationship between the social structure itself and the people who live under it. People may be dissatisfied with their social structure—it may even be a "bad" social structure—but *because* it is this people's social structure, it embodies their tradition, their customs, their possibilities of order, many of their values. Tear up its roots, and you tear up *their* roots. And when that happens, our experts on social justice ought to be reminding us, people lapse into jungle-chaos until the strong will of a few brings them back to order: the order of bullets. The job of a Catholic, surely, is not to publish silly laments over the "tyrannies which have been spawned" by Karl Marx's "idealism," but to get through its readers' heads that that kind of "idealism," even when espoused by a Fr. Dunne, cannot spawn anything else.

The Secular Interpretation

Finally, on the matter of ultimate goals, on the philosophy that guides the anti-Communist. From the earliest days of the Cold War, thoughtful observers here and abroad have remarked on the paradox of the Christian West, especially the United States, arguing its case in materialist terms ("you can't fight Communism on an empty stomach"), while materialistic Communism, with its teaching about the meaning of history and the opportunity for controlling history that comes from such knowledge, was exciting the mind and spirit of man. The danger here was not just that the West, by placing its bets on a false view of human

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motivations, would fail to win over others; but that the West, in time would fall victim to the materialist emphases of its own propaganda—would itself be unable to see the struggle in any other terms. And the main hope here was that the Christian *churches* of the West (if *they* would not expound the true nature of the Communist challenge, who then?) would step forward, and ultimately effect a rescue.

The hope has not materialized. In the main, articulate religious opinion, including Catholic opinion, has underwritten the secular interpretation of the struggle, has allowed itself to become, simply, the moralizing arm of Liberal ideology. And worse: in the absence of an authentic religious teaching about the nature of the Cold War, the inner logic of the secular interpretation has, inevitably, taken its toll—even among churchmen. As witness:

A leading Catholic organ teaches that Communism is "a movement of social protest" and "a conspiracy," and is not, one is invited to conclude, any third thing. Therefore, increase foreign aid, and encourage Freedom Riders. Therefore, support bigger military appropriations, and keep on J. Edgar Hoover. But hark, a Fr Dunne replies: if this is what the fight is about, these ritualistic answers are, obviously, inadequate: Communism marches on. If the issue between East and West becomes merely, Which side can provide more material satisfactions and deal them out more equitably, then, clearly, we must address ourselves to the elimination of human misery throughout the world with the same zeal and single-mindedness that the Communists lay claim to. In a word, we must, as a first order of business, get to *their* alleged goals *first*.

Ideals of the West

So, increasingly, speaks Catholic Liberalism. The voice is indistinguishable from secular Liberalism's. And we wonder why the West cannot summon the "will" and the "resolution" to stem the Communist advance! Can the answer be missed? With hydrogen bombs around, and with this kind of issue at stake, why take chances? The West has never lacked the means to resist Communist aggression, but it does not have, under Liberal tutelage, sufficient *reason* for doing so. Who wants to die for this-or-that social or economic permutation?

The truth, of course, which one would rather be hearing from a Catholic priest than telling him, is that the stakes are much higher. Yes, God is involved in the Cold War; but more to the point: *God's civilization* is involved. The West makes this claim over against the rest of the world: *that it has been vouchsafed the truth about the nature of man and his relationship to the universe, and has been commissioned to construct and preserve an earthly city based on this truth.* True, the West may be exercising its commission badly: what it actually builds may reflect the truth imperfectly, or even not at all. But the standards of perfection are the standards of the West. The ideals toward which any earthly construct should aspire are the West's ideals. The virtue of a social structure cannot be known by any other measure. And so the West asserts a God-given right, and thinks of it as a God-imposed duty, to conserve and spread *its* truth, to judge political and economic and social systems according to *its* lights, to change and improve them under *its* authority.

This divine commission—the authority of the West—is what Communism is making war against. It is not merely a matter of rejecting that authority, or even of resisting it; if that were the case, the proper response of the West would be patiently to teach. The Communist purpose is to destroy the West's power to exercise its commission, even in the homelands, utterly and forever. Therefore, the Western response must be in kind: to remove the threat; to destroy *it*. The whole rationale of self-defense comes into play; but now it is not a man, or a family, or a nation that must defend itself, but the very civilization in which all of these lesser units are subsumed. And as the head of the family or the public magistrate is responsible for defining the issues and mustering the defense in the lesser cases, just so the principal custodians of the West's truth, the Churches, are obliged to assert leadership for a civilization, and show the rest of us the way.

The challenge to the Christian Churches is to define the issue in terms that will grip and galvanize the West, that will make the people of the West—a man-on-the-street, no less than a President—*want* to fight for their civilization the way a man fights for his life or a citizen fights for his nation's life. In years past, the Church found it expedient to invoke the idea of holy war. Is the modern objection that the infidel was more dangerous than the Communist? That he preached a greater heresy? That atomic death is different from other death? True, with Westerners who reject the religious foundations of the West, such language today will fall on deaf ears. But others, if they were called, might respond. If the editors of *America* feel an overriding vocation for social work, by all means let them write that kind of magazine. But let other Catholics, with their talents and their resources, and with more important things on their minds, try out the water, and so do their supreme duty to the Christian West.

CENTRAL TYROL

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a strong feeling of oneness and if the Italian Government counters violence with violence, the German tourists will stop going south, the Italian workers in Germany will lose their jobs, and an irate German public opinion might even influence governmental action. Today more money for the aid of the Central Tyrol is being raised in Germany than in Austria.

All this bodes ill for NATO and the common Western front against Communism. As a matter of fact, the Soviet Union is the greatest potential winner in this affair. (There are, over here, repeated though totally unverified rumors to the effect that East Germany had a "hand" in the bombings.)

Yet, who are we to advise these desperate mountaineers to keep quiet and to suffer nobly in silence because Italy's good will is essential to NATO? And who, we can also ask, will guarantee that Italy will still be in NATO after the next election? Political decisions must be made in the light of potential historic developments and not prompted by the obvious interests of the moment.

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America: Imagination and the Spirit of Place

A nostalgic evocation of the many Americas whose sharp outlines are being replaced by a world of standardized dreariness.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

How does one speak of it—of "America," that is? To begin with, there is essentially no "it." America, delocalized, a geographical convenience, America as *it*, was the invention of the great anonymizers—admen, speculators, road-engineers, builders of homesites and filling stations. This *it* has been growing of late, has filled in the foreground and is threatening all that lies beyond. But essentially *it* is not America, but the American's way of escaping from the identity of his continent—from local America.

In local America one may look for evidence of those several Americas we are in danger of losing and that variety of human types we shall lose with them. For as certainly as we begin to lose the spirit of a place we begin to lose the spirit of its people. The shapeless suburbia that is replacing city, small town and village throughout the states creates the mould for a certain kind of human being, as standardized as his setting. And it is difficult to see what the writer is to do with such a setting. Novels about it seem as flat as the reality. They lack social stiffening, solidity and texture. Confronted by a world of standardized dreariness, the artist has often retreated inwards. A young abstract expressionist explained to me that he aimed "to escape the limitations of visual reality." Looking at the face of his native American city, I saw what he meant. The escape has extended into literature. Where, for example, is the South of Southern Gothic? Certainly not in the United States. Where are the deserted parks of Wallace Stevens' poetry? They are in the France of Paul Verlaine. America, as men have made it, too frequently fails to nourish the eye, the spirit, the imagination.

Traveling, say, in California, one becomes hungry for a renewal of the most basic past achievements in the present scene—a renewal of the imaginative energy, for example, that raised those simple yet lovely ranch houses in Marin County, with their white compactness, their neighborly spacing of house and barns, and their wise attunement to the needs of the surroundings, spelled out in sharp, cleanly palings or in the windbreak of the trimmed cypress-hedge. One finds elsewhere a similar intuitive bridge between men and their setting in the scattered artifacts of earlier American culture—and they differ miraculously according to the specific locality they represent and, yes, *interpret*. One finds this intuitive bridge in the snake fences of New England; in the white churches, their unstained glass permitting the elms outside to cast a decoration of shadows and branches over their frighteningly pure interiors. One finds it in the shapeliness of Litchfield and Washington, Connecticut, or, with a different emphasis, in the adobe pueblos and on the plazas of New Mexico and in the splendid modern houses of Santa Fe. The Connecticut towns stand out from their greens candidly, sharply. The structures of New Mexico blend with the red desert of their setting. Yet both consummate a relationship, the first by contrast, the second by a kind of mute sympathy. Both take to themselves the aura of "the lived and living things that share our thoughts," to borrow a phrase of Rilke's. They offer the poet a hoard of rich and ramifying images and they have been justly celebrated. James and Hawthorne both turn to the architecture of New England for symbolic currency and, to speak of lesser spirits, Willa Cather and Frank Waters to that of New Mexico. Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Bishop do likewise with the settlements of the northeastern seaboard.

Bridge to Environment

The artifacts of setting draw out its life. They are the gracious complements of nature itself. And the writer, or the painter, feels his kinship with them: their action is analogous to his own. For he, also, among other things, can release the spirit of place, confirm and extend it, give it meaning in his work. He, like the snake fence and the pueblo wall, builds an intuitive bridge to environment. Poet, painter, architect—the work of all three must, as D. H. Lawrence expresses it, "flicker with a spirit of place." They have been the great deniers of the *it*—of the single America that utility is giving us. They speak on behalf of the many-sidedness of the continent itself.

"Our resistance to the wilderness has been too strong. It has turned us anti-America," writes William Carlos Williams in his study *In the American Grain*. Sometimes the artist's refusal to become anti-American —to betray, that is, the spirit of place and the mutuality of the relation with landscape—sometimes this may be illustrated by the simple evidence of a life lived in accord with that *grain* of which Williams speaks. One thinks, for example, of Winslow Homer coming to terms with the weather of the Maine coast, living with it, accepting it. "Night before

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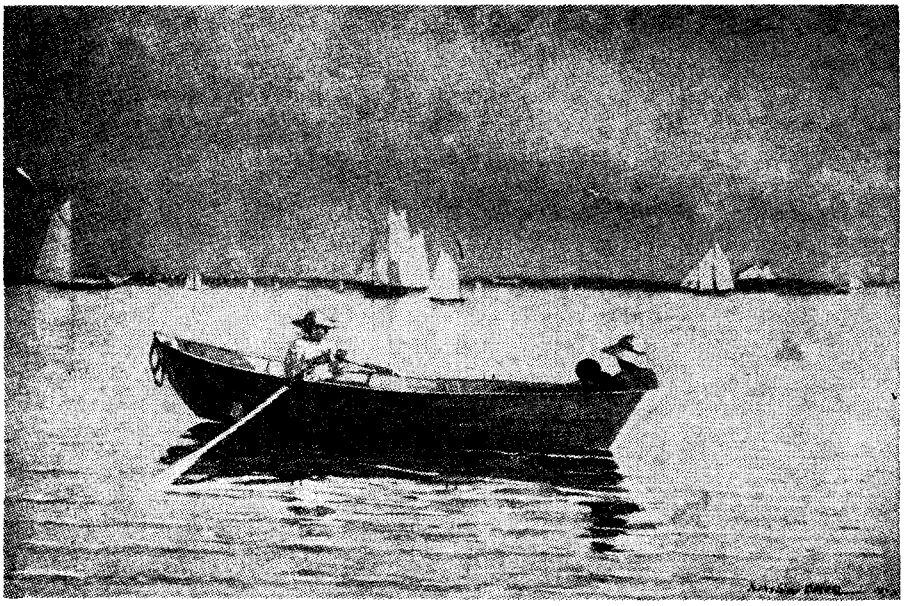
last it was twelve below zero," he writes, and: "My nearest neighbor is half a mile away—I am four miles from telegram and P.O. and under a snow bank most of the time." That laconic, self-sufficient, uncomplaining tone is the authentic voice of America. That solitudinous confronting of an aspect of the wilderness takes us back to the receptive, spellbound qualities of De Soto and Boone which Williams celebrates. It reminds us also of the virtues admired by Fenimore Cooper and exemplified by him in Deerslayer, archetypal American pragmatic, open, stoical, independent, endowed with an almost Indian capacity for silence.

Winslow Homer has another vision of America besides his solitary acceptances of sea and forest, of snow and breakers. It is a vision not unlike that of Twain's *Huckleberry Finn,* a vision again of independence, independence of the genteel taboos, and a feeling for creative innocence. The poetry of water life: the river, boats, air, loafing at Marblehead—Homer captures without nostalgia the sweetness of such liberty. His youths in straw hats moon under the chiaroscuro of trees, the sun falling against the white planks of a house and lying across the fish-shaped wedge of a drooping hat brim, solidifying and not dissolving the object it touches. This is American light, hard, clear, acidic, "the scratching of a slate pencil," as Gaston Probert describes it to Mr. Dosson in Henry James' *The Reverberator.* It lacks the limpid in-between tones of an English summer light. And beneath it boys wade, they lie on the Gloucester rocks, they carry home clams. They are the protagonists in an anecdote, crass perhaps but unsentimental, a hard, dry, yankee light defining them. Yet side by side with the dryness, the hardness, there is a plasticity of response. This plasticity, that often flows out of a level terrain of banalities, again recalls Twain. He wrote only one *Huckleberry Finn,* along with much that is second-rate. His vision pushes its way out from among the trite productions of the noted literary figure, the national funny man, the conforming author who has sacrificed himself to achieve the very American dream, Success, and who, Gatsby-like, tastes the bitterness of the glamor for which locality must be drained of its life and social morality of its content. But in Twain's river, as in Homer's best pictures, locality reasserts itself and it is locality bathed in a moral temperament, and in an unconcern that is as free of the taint of success as the idiom of the book is free of gentility: "Soon as it was night, out we shoved; when we got her out of the middle we let her alone . . . then we lit pipes, and dangled our legs in the water and talked about all kinds of things—we was always naked, day and night, whenever the mosquitoes would let us. . . ." If that is innocence, it is not the innocence of a Kerouac with its rootless sensationalism, but an innocence grounded in place and in a language whose grain lies close to the gain of common experience.



Gloucester Harbor, by Winslow Homer: ". . . a hard, dry, yankee light . . ."

Inarticulate Spaces

Twain's Mississippi is a dream of possibilities—of freedom from the Calvinism and puritan will that came so early between the American and his natural sympathies. It is as if the geographical vastness of America had lain waiting through the centuries for some adequate consummation, for a sympathy commensurate with its variety, for a sensitivity that would outlast the mere desire to dominate.

"One must indeed be incurably optimistic even momentarily to dream such a dream." The voice is that of the architect, Louis Sullivan, reflecting in his *Kindergarten Chats* on the early potentialities of Chicago. He also, like Twain, had sensed, as it were, a demand for fulfillment in the inarticulate spaces. "One must indeed be incurably optimistic. . . . Yet the Lake is there . . . and the Sky is there above it; and the Prairie, the ever-fertile prairie is awaiting. And they, all three, as a trinity, are dreaming—some prophetic dream. . . ." Sullivan had the civic imagination that would have made the Lake before Chicago serve the city as the rivers of Paris, Florence and Pisa serve theirs.

It is difficult to sense anything of Sullivan's prairie in Chicago today, insulated against it, as it is, by a littered, shapeless exurbia, but the sky is immense and the lake an unquenchable presence. The apartment houses of Mies van der Rohe, those antiseptic, impersonal hives that overlook it, have misunderstood the nature of the lake altogether. Even on a wintry Sunday, with its beginnings in fog, you can sense there something of the forces that inspired Sullivan's vision. For behind the multi-laned highway which mutes back the immensity of the water, which has done all that can be done to nullify them, there is an esplanade to walk along. The rest of the city will be driving ten abreast down the highway. You will have your dream almost entirely to yourself. But forced by the wrinkling expanse, its movement endowed with a silky lightness as the sun brings out its amethyst, it is difficult to withstand

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Empty Churches

Recently I tried, in Amsterdam, to visit the New Church—that is, the great sixteenth-century edifice near the Royal Palace. But I found it closed altogether, for repairs long overdue. Then I made my way to the medieval Old Church; but this, too, was closed for repairs, although some portion is kept open for occasional services. In the big city of Amsterdam there are few other churches, and those do not seem to be popular.

Kirk

Amsterdam is typical enough of northern Europe in this serious matter. Despite the intellectual revival of Protestantism in recent years, there has occurred in Europe no parallel popular return to churchgoing. In Denmark, less than one-half of one per cent of the population retains any active church connection. Sweden is little better: in one Swedish parish, a sincere and able pastor had only his own family for congregation, when first he came to that church; and after years of endeavor, he now attracts five or six other worshippers — relatives and friends of his.

The Church of England, though by law established, obtains the active participation of only five per cent of the English population; the English dissenting churches are in worse plight. The Calvinism of the Church of Scotland retained some popular influence for half a century longer than the Anglican establishment; but nowadays the kirk's hold weakens rapidly. In the towns of Fife, each of which once had several active churches, dwindling congregations have forced repeated abandonment of historic church buildings and consolidation within the walls of one surviving church. The Wee Free Church, the only surviving Presbyterian rival to the Church of Scotland, lies almost at last gasp.

This decay is not in consequence of Catholic proselytizing: for though in Holland and England and Scotland and Germany the proportion of Catholics to Protestants increases steadily, it increases slowly and almost imperceptibly. What we are seeing, rather, is the dropping away of most people into a state of apathy and disbelief—though not even the fervent disbelief of the village atheist. A vague feeling that Christianity does not profit a man in any material way, and a vaguer conviction that somehow religion is unscientific, seem to be the proximate causes of this phenomenon. Probably there is less religious belief, and less influence of churches upon the civil social order and upon the person, than in any European period since man became something better than a beast. The Enlightenment of the eighteenth century affected persons of education, but hardly touched the masses of that day, who remained Christian communicants except when and where priests and pastors were proscribed. The Theological Revival of the twentieth century affects cultured people—always a small minority—but has almost no influence upon the apathetic modern masses.

Religion, in essence, is an endeavor to establish communication with a superhuman power and domination. Religion's chief benefit is the ordering of the soul—that is, the subordination of one's life and appetites to divine will, and the harmonious arrangement of mind and conscience which produces the genuinely human person. The object of religious faith, in short, is personal, not social. It remains true that if enough souls are put into order, a good society—or at least a tolerable one—will result as a kind of by-product. Good men make good laws, rather than *vice versa*.

But a society in which the religious impulse is forgotten or frustrated is sure to be, soon or late, a miserable domination. For man yearns after something to worship; and if, in T. S. Eliot's words, "you will not have God —and He is a jealous God—then you must pay your respects to Hitler or Stalin." In times of crisis, demon ideology rushes in to fill the vacuum left in men's souls by the decay of religious faith. At present, in America and western Europe, prosperity provides us with an evanescent barrier against fanatic ideology. In the long run, nevertheless, creature-comforts satiate, and men turn to perilous political abstraction, if they have forgotten the source of order in the soul. The collapse of inner order soon becomes a destruction of outer order. And a land of empty and decaying churches cannot retain forever even a semblance of material prosperity.

This grim fact is not understood at all by the twentieth-century positivist. In an exchange with me in the pages of the *New York Times Magazine*, for instance, Professor Robert Merton of Columbia declares that one of the principal achievements of American sociological researchers is their discovery that "people who reject orthodox religious beliefs are not more apt to engage in crime than people who hold fast to such beliefs." This is true only when religious "convictions" have decayed into mere sociable church clubbery, on the one hand, or into a kind of gypsy superstition, on the other. Because the genuinely religious man's soul is ordered, there is much that he will not do.

I write these paragraphs in a country house in Fife. Once upon a time, a strict Calvinism—whatever its defects—did install a high degree of honesty into the typical Scot. But this week, at the raspberry-picking here, the gardener remarked to me that of the thirty or forty people who came to pick on shares, probably every one would steal a basket or two of berries if he saw the chance. Civilizations do not fall because of cheating berry-pickers. Yet great states do come to the end of their tether when religious sanctions no longer govern the soul of the average citizen.

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Letter from the University of California

or, Reflections of a Young Man on the Ritualization of Innocence and Outrage

JOHN LEONARD

I have been watching the left wing from afar, said the young man in the cotton cord coat, and I don't mind admitting I'm distressed. (His diffident smile was like a slice of yellow melon.) They all gather around the same table on the terrace, every day at noon, and yet they are far from being children of the sun. Their faces are always turned away from the sun, hidden behind dark glasses; and their heads are bandaged by bandannas and their mouths are grown over with beard, and long hair mats about their ears and is pressed into soiled locks and curls on their foreheads and temples. Their clothes are always brown or black, as if they seek by their very apparel a negation of the sun, of the cleanliness (implying godliness) that surrounds them, lapping at them. It is not for me to suggest that they never take baths. But their determined drabness indicates this. Their dull color, the dark clothes and the paste-faces screwed up at the headlines make them seem dirty, and they wear this implicit uncleanliness like a badge. It identifies them, because cleanliness is a middle-class virtue, and their flight from the middle class of their fathers is a frantic, panicked thing. Cleanliness means shower stalls and tract homes, bathtubs and bars of soap, soap opera and afternoon radio and television and mass values like that.

They are always reading newspapers, and rummaging in brown spotted lunch sacks for apples and obscure sandwiches. They peruse the papers with a certainty and a self-satisfaction which seems to say to those who watch them: We own the truth, we are merely inspecting the daily journals to see how they distort it; we know what will be said, we merely read to affirm ourselves; we have the answer, we merely pluck up the front page questions and fit our answer to them. They read sections of the newspaper aloud, and they laugh, and occasionally they stumble upon some fresh outrage perpetrated in the dim foggy bottom of Washington, and gleefully they construct the wording of their next petition. It is difficult (said the young man) to take their indignation seriously, because it is such a facile thing. Whatever conscience they have seems, through constant use, to have become a handy faucet, turned on with a twist of the wrist, attached to a tank of truth as depthless as the sea. Perhaps their indignation seems formularized because it belongs to a committee. Perhaps, the young man admitted, I allow myself the old illusion that outrage should be spontaneous, that its voices should not be quite so carefully stationed—one at the newspaper, one beside the radio, one among a stack of news magazines, one by the telephone, and another at the end of the telephone line waiting to give the signal to type the stencil to mimeograph the protest which will then be briskly distributed at the campus gates early the next morning, the fresh ink and clean paper smelling of innocence. Perhaps because ad hoc indignation has become a standing committee, and bureaucrats have taken over innocence, and public relations men stand watch over the national morality—perhaps that is why it is all so unconvincing.

The Right to React

It is not for me to argue on the individual issues. I am not concerned here with the truth of what they have to say. No doubt some of their elaborate complaint is justified; no doubt a few of their hideous twitching roots of fear sprout up logical flowers from the subsoil of political affairs in this country. But I am concerned about their appropriation of our right to react, and react honestly, to the issues. I think it must be a comforting thing to them, an intellectual narcotic, to have their answer, to believe in it; it must be so relaxing to be an ideologue, to respond ritualistically, to bring to the most complex issues and intrigues such a simple mental scaffolding, a rugged structure of his-

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torical truth—that no vagary can help but dash itself to death against the edifice. To know that every man in a trench coat carrying a briefcase comes tape-recorder-laden from the FBI! It is too easy, much too easy, and that is my objection. All right. Let their tendrils tremble in the noon sun, these white etiolated young men and women, raw sensibilities attuned to the transgressions of the Establishment. Let them cluck like capons over their newspaper headlines. Let the breasty young girls with their fat knees and torn sandals tell me about Cuba; let the baby-befatted shaggy-headed young men of the sophomore class explain Marx. Let them sing folk songs against Franco, and drink rot gut out of paper cups, and propitiate God knows what bloodless deities with the incense from a thousand filter-tipless cigarettes. That's their business. Their business, too, the copulation of white unwashed bodies on broken sofas, the bloody six-week embryo torn from the womb of an emancipated girl, the naked sexual play of people who have given themselves over to sensation because they have substituted history for love. All that is their business. They do not have to invite me to their parties; I shall not invite them to mine.

A Few Small Trumpets

But don't let them take over my right to be innocent! Don't let them take over my spontaneous disgust—my outrage. We have a few small trumpets left; I want to maintain them, to hide them in closets, to keep them away from this orchestra of cannibals, this army of trombones and drums. Don't let them force me to erect my own mental scaffolding: in such a clash of skyscrapers, there is, at the end, only mangled steel. Let them hide behind their offset little magazines, and sling didactics from their crossbows. I know how to duck. It's not that I ask to be left in peace. But I would like it quiet enough to think. All that noise: when will it stop? And if it does, will I be able to pry my fingers from my ears?

I am, he said, a young man full of phlegm and carved out of gristle, and because of the starch in my collar I very often slice my chin when I look back over my shoulder. It isn't my fault, you see, not my fault at all.

The Venus of Willendorf

DOROTHY DONNELLY

Not wafted onto a scene full of sun in a seafoam
shell by a Botticellian breeze, but dredged
from the dark this caveman's Venus comes and startles us
into staring. Here is stone with a blown-glass bauble's
bubble outline, a form all orbs, clustered
like plums on a stem, a harmony of spheres, like them.

"Now observe," says a voice to a class, "the steatopygia.
Note the size of the breasts and thighs." Each pen puts down
each phrase, like a bug on a pin, on the notebook's page.
"The stress," says the voice, "is on sex; the purpose magic.
This artifact is no portrait of a romantic
femme fatale, but a common fertility symbol."

It *is* hard to find what you're not looking for, but how
could you miss that head as big as a sun, that finial
sphere, that cosmos circled with curls like Saturn
decked with rings? These are hips Lachaise would praise;
and that hair merits the paeans by Paul and A. Pope.
This stone-age nude, neither Parisian nor Greek,
was, in her own day, chic. Though nothing like Whistler's
"Mother" or Madame Récamier in a cloud
of tulle, on a sofa, sky-blue with a gilt swan's neck
for arm, she, too, has basked in an artist's eye;
she resembles, a little, some globe-headed lady by Klee
or one of those gourdshaped girls by Pablo Picasso.

Now, with her beehive hair, this precocious Venus,
unearthed unharmed, is back in the eye of the world,
plump as a mango, shy as a bushful of birds.
Adorned with bangles and cosmetic reds, her egglike
figure of stone ends up, at home in time,
square on the classic green of the landscape of love.

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Spanish Ordeal

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

On an April day in 1937 a British General and I, both on our way to the front, entered the cemetery of Huesca shortly after it had been liberated by the Nationalists. This is what they had found: Coffins had been broken open—I photographed the corpse of a small child whose head been torn off—and the walls of the cemetery were covered with obscene drawings. The chapel of Our Lady had been turned into a bar, and somebody had carefully removed with a diamond the actual face of Our Lady from a stained glass window.

"You can't call this kind of thing bestial," said my companion, a man with no definite religious belief, "a beast could not sink so low. There is something in this cemetery which is not of this world."

As he spoke I remembered a conversation in the Athenaeum with a diplomat who had just become a Catholic. I asked him why.

"Because *only* the Catholic Church is really sound on the existence of a personal devil. I've been for three years in Moscow, and I have no doubt of his existence."

The true atheist is rare in Spain. The men who committed these and worse horrors were in revolt against a God whom they hated rather than against a belief in God which they had rejected. No pure skeptic could hate the Church with such passionate intensity. Marlowe's lines might have been written for them:

Thinkest thou that I who saw the face of God . . .
Am not tormented by ten thousand Hells

I do not claim, as does Mr. Hugh Thomas, in his interesting, comprehensive and well-documented study of the Spanish Civil War, to have been a "dispassionate observer" of the Civil War, but then I *did* observe the horrors I described in my book, whereas Mr. Thomas has only read about them. Mr. Thomas is too young to remember the Civil War, but as a former Labor candidate for Parliament, he faithfully follows the party line on the war in general and on Red atrocities in particular. He knows that these atrocities cannot be denied, that, to quote one of his instances, "several priests were undoubtedly burned alive," and that the supporters of the Republicans admit to nearly 8,000 murders of priests and nuns. It is therefore necessary a) to put the corpse in the dock and to call the murderers as witnesses for the prosecution, and

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The Spanish Civil War, **by Hugh Thomas. Harper, $8.50**

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to explain that those who were martyred deserved their fate; and b) to prove that the Nationalists were just as bad.

As to a), Mr. Thomas tells us, "The Spanish working class attacked churchmen because they thought them hypocrites and because they seemed to give a false spiritual front to middle-class society or upper-class tyranny." This is the reverse of the truth. The priests in Spain were miserably poor, but most of them were dedicated men doing what they could to recall their parishioners, rich and poor, to spiritual realities, which is not quite the same thing as "giving a spiritual front to middle-class society."

Mr. Thomas seems to have read almost everything worth and much that is not worth reading about the war, but he lacks insight. He does not begin to understand what the war meant to those who fought to save Spain from Communism. General Franco, he tells us, on July 17, 1936 had started "on the first stage of a journey which would lead him to supreme power in Spain but which he would almost certainly not have begun had he known how long it would last." It would be just as perceptive to write "Churchill would certainly not have refused a compromise peace in 1940 had he known how long the World War would last." To a Spanish Catholic in 1936 the prospect of Communists in control of Spain was no less a horror than the possibility of Hitler in control of England to Englishmen in 1940.

THE party line is, as we have seen, to admit Red atrocities which cannot be denied and then to argue that the Nationalists were just as bad. Mr. Thomas admits that many stories of alleged Nationalist atrocities "were invented for propaganda purposes," and quotes Mr. Arthur Koestler's confession that when he was working for the propaganda department of the Comintern in Paris, many distortions were deliberately written into his book, *The Spanish Testament,* by a Czech Communist. But Mr. Thomas none the less accepts with uncritical faith every charge against the Nationalists, however unsupported by evidence. Many of his wilder charges are adorned with such footnotes as "Private information." Many of his accusations are demonstrably false. He states, for instance, that all Republican officers were "shot if captured." My friend the Infante Alfonso de Orléans-Bourbon, who was second in command of the Nationalist Air Force, wrote to me on May 8, 1961, "I sat on Court Martials in Madrid when our War ended week after week. We in the Air Force dealt only with Red Air Force prisoners and Air Force activities. Not one single one of those we judged in the Courts I attended was executed though several were condemned to death."

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Characteristic of Mr. Thomas' idea of evidence is his statement that "The Madrid Council of Lawyers reported that in the first weeks of the war 9,000 workers were killed in Seville." Who appointed this Council of Lawyers? What did it exactly consist of? When did it publish its report? How could lawyers in beseiged Madrid, cut off from Nationalist Spain, form *any* estimate of the number of executions in Nationalist Spain? And is it not really a remarkable coincidence that the number alleged to have been executed in Valladolid, on the authority of private information, should be precisely the same as the number allegedly executed in Seville?

In a long article which will appear in *The Month*, I have given many more instances of this unscholarly acceptance of wild statements without evidence, and here I need only add that a writer whose rancor against General Franco allows him to insinuate without a scrap of evidence that Franco may have arranged for a time bomb to be placed in the airplane in which a great Nationalist General, Mola, died, has done all that is necessary to disprove his publishers' claim that he is "objective."

In the early weeks of the war many suspected Reds were killed by the Nationalists who were inflamed by the cumulative evidence of savage tortures inflicted by the Reds on defenseless victims, and often killed their prisoners; but once General Franco had established firm control such excesses were of rare occurence. An objective historian should be able to differentiate between executions and tortures. There was nothing on the Nationalist side to match the revolting tortures committed to the very end of the war in Republican territory, as for instance in the prison of Barcelona whose torture chambers are described by Mr. Thomas himself.

Mr. Thomas' conscience as a historian is often dormant when he writes of the Nationalists. He never raises the question of what would have happened had Communism won in Spain. He admits that the Communists had secured virtual control of the Republican army before the end of the war. Would he really be happy if Spain was today a Red satellite? Whatever we may think of General Franco, we of the West undoubtedly owe him a debt of gratitude for refusing to enter the war on Hitler's side.

In conclusion I must insist that there is much of real value in this book, and I would like to pay a very sincere tribute to the literary skill with which Mr. Thomas holds the reader's attention from the first page to the last of this book.

The Cult of Henry Miller

FRANCIS RUSSELL

HENRY MILLER has brayed and billed his *Tropic of Cancer* as "a prolonged insult, a gob of spit in the face of Art, a kick in the pants to God, Man, Destiny, Time, Love, Beauty . . . what you will." It is a proud claim that

Tropic of Cancer, by Henry Miller. Grove Press, $7.50

would no doubt clear the decks for a New Art Era after the old artistic and theological impedimenta had been swept away. At least Karl Shapiro seems to think so, for in his introduction to this first general edition he sees the salvation of our society in replacing the Bible by a new Scripture compiled from the works of Miller.

Before the Gideons go down the laundry chute, as Mr. Shapiro recommends, the Miller gospel deserves a detached exegesis. Unfortunately Miller's dithyrambs make the detachment a little difficult. Those who are repelled by his sexual jugglings are confronted by disciples with banners proclaiming: know the graffiti and the graffiti will set you free! However, the latter with their paperbacked Tropic gospels can no longer feel themselves the same intellectual elite since Grove has now made salvation available at the split-level. As a bystander I can only record that we seem to have come a long way since Galsworthy used to write "d - - n," although I'm not sure the road leads anywhere.

Tropic of Cancer, Miller's first published book, appeared in Paris in 1934 and was proclaimed by Ezra Pound as at last an unprintable book fit to read. Like everything else Miller has written, it is part of his chthonic (how he loves that word!) autobiography. From it one gathers that he had done much conventional and conventionally disappointing writing before he began exposing himself. He was in a sense the last of the expatriates, for he arrived in Paris as the sun was also setting, when Depression and dollar devaluation had driven most of the Dome sitters back to the WPA Writers' Project. Both in outer and inner time he was a delayed phenomenon, for he was middle-aged before he set out to forge within his soul the uncreated conscience of his race, *i.e.*, to compose the autobiographical novel in which the neo-Wertherish hero sets forth in the concluding paragraph to write the book that the reader has just finished reading.

When he at last arrived in Paris with ten dollars and the intention of finding himself, he chose the submerged life of a penniless drifting alien, improving on old methods of cadging, evolving new ones, his associates a crew of schizoid derelicts, fake artists, fake exiles, whores and whores. There is a masochistic eagerness with which he embraces the status of a down-and-outer—even to the point of posing for pornographic postcards—a self-immolation that is at the same time an act of exhibitionism. His is a world as if seen from under water, greenish and distorted, a slime-encrusted world of decay. Again and again he dredges up images of disease, of leprous streets, of the world as "a cancer eating itself away" or "the cancer of time eating us away," of Paris "sprouting like a huge organism diseased in every part."

Now of course an artist might take such material and make a masterpiece of the depths out of it, just as Proust and Lawrence Durrell created masterpieces out of decay. But the hard fact is that, after the shock value of Miller's four-letter circus, he is just not a very good writer. When he writes: "I love the words

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of hysterics and the sentences that flow on like dysentery and mirror all the sick images of the soul," he is undoubtedly in earnest—but he flatters himself. Whenever he is not being dithyrambic, he falls back on the more obvious clichés. One can tote them up: "When I listen to the reproaches that are leveled against a girl like Lucienne, when I hear of her being denigrated or despised, etc." His descriptions are windy echoes of Pater, with "pain rising like a mist from the earth, sorrow closing in." Take, for example, a description of Paris:

> An eternal city, Paris! More eternal than Rome, more splendorous than Nineveh. The very navel of the world to which, like a blind and faltering idiot, one crawls back on hands and knees. And like a cork that has drifted to the dead center of the ocean, one floats here in the scum and wrack of the seas, listless, hopeless, heedless even of a passing Columbus.

All of which adds up to exactly nothing.

Miller draws a parallel between himself and the Whitman who turned from conventional verse forms to write the unbridled *Song of Myself*. Miller would turn from conventional fiction (when he found he could not deal with it), to write the prose sexual song of himself. Whitman was, however, an uncoordinated genius, whereas Miller is merely an uncoordinated writer of modest talents.

Tropic of Cancer is a ramshackle scissors-and-paste combination of three disparate elements. First there are Miller's recordings of scenes and conversations from behind the arras. "They are talking downstairs, Their language is symbolic, etc." Then there are the sexual passages, the words and episodes that have given the book its notoriety. I suppose some of the episodes may be true, but most of them sound unconvincing, elaborations of smoking room stories. Miller in the role of a centaur, a combination of Casanova and Man O' War, exists mostly in his own imagination. His erotic nocturnes are Paul Bunyanesque rhapsodies on a sexual prowess that is merely literary. I am reminded of Yeats' remark about George Moore, that he didn't kiss and told. Finally, when the sex curtain has been drawn, Miller appears on the proscenium to digress on art and life; who are we, where are we going? The effect is like a pentecostal descent of a load of Haldemann-Julius' Little Blue Books. Scarcely has there been such a gallimaufry since the Great I Am went out of business.

Today the Miller cult surrounding the Master at Big Sur, California, has become so well advertised that neophytes make pilgrimages there. The disciples sit in the orange-tree brightness under the Master's eye, casting horoscopes, reading the late Wilhelm Reich's *The Function of the Orgasm*, or taking turns cranking the orgone machine that Dr. Reich invented for extracting the *essence vitale* from the cosmos.

With what curious ease do such cults flourish in our day. All that is required is sufficient esoteric scatology or obscurity, one or the other, or both. I think of Harvard's *Finnegan's Wake* factory on the Charles operating three shifts, of the Yale Press publishing year after year its annual volume of the unpublished writings of Gertrude Stein (now there's an unprintable book that's really unreadable!), of Uncle Ezra cutting out those ideograms from his Chinese dictionary and pasting them into his Cantos. And I think disparately of Jackson Pollock's linoleum strips, of the bones of Weimar expressionism served up as the American-invented Abstract, of Shapiro's description of Miller as "a holy man—Gandhi with a penis." Perhaps the old *Volksschullehrer* Spengler, discredited these many years, may have been right after all. Yet . . .

Some years ago in London there was an exhibit of the prize-winning model of a proposed memorial to The Unknown Political Prisoner. It was a thing of string and wire crisscrossing in unpredictable directions; no form, no substance. After looking at it one was supposed to abstract the emotional awareness of what it had been like to endure Dachau or Buchenwald. Finally a genuine unknown political prisoner came along, a Po-

Random Notes

Some strictly relative high spots in what looks from here like a long, cold winter on Broadway: Noel Coward's new musical, *Sail Away*, opens in October. . . . Three London successes are due in New York—Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker;* Graham Greene's *The Complaisant Lover*, with Googie Withers and Sir Michael Redgrave; Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons*, with Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas More. . . . In November, Alfred Drake opens in a musical, *Kean*, based on Jean-Paul Sartre's play about Edmund Kean.

Frederic March plays God in a Paddy Chayevsky play, *Gideon*, scheduled for November. The new Comden - Green - Styne musical, *Subways Are for Sleeping*, is due in the day after Christmas. . . . Two days later, Patrick O'Neal, Bette Davis and Margaret Leighton are scheduled to open in Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Iguana*, about an unfrocked Episcopalian minister turned Acapulco tourist guide.

Incidental: NBC executives have received orders to travel tourist rather than first-class; cameramen and other technicians, however, may still—due to a clause in their union contracts—fly the champagne flights. . . . Rona (*The Best of Everything*) Jaffe is reportedly putting together a musical comedy based on Bill Manville's *Village Voice* sketches, *Saloon Society*. . . . The first issue of Hugh Hefner's splashy, *Playboy*-moneyed *Show Business Illustrated* goes on sale August 23: Frank Gibney is editing the fortnightly.

Television: Already on tape for CBS-TV, a dazzlingly cast two-hour adaption of Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, with Sir Laurence Olivier as the hunted, unwilling priest. The production will be shown Sunday evening, November 26. . . . *Movies:* In Rome, director Luchino Visconti has obtained film rights to *The Leopard*, the best-selling di Lampedusa novel about the decline of the old order in Sicily.

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lish DP. He looked at the model, then reached over and smashed it flat with his fist. Whereupon not only the model but the plans for the proposed monument came to an end. With one blow the Unknown Prisoner was liberated. While there are men like that Pole about, there is still hope!

A Great American Correspondence

Forebodings of the Founders

VINCENT MILLER

So far as I can determine, the publication two years ago of the Adams-Jefferson correspondence has not been widely cheered, which reminds one of John Adams' story of the Greek who, hearing his speech clamorously applauded, turned to a friend to ask if he had said something foolish. And yet silence is not what one would have expected; one would have thought the serious critic's first problem would have been to differentiate for the interested Adams' and Jefferson's lively wit (and the mature civilization it implies) from the amusing witticisms of provincial personalities whose fame rests upon some accident of time or place.

***The Adams-Jefferson Letters,* edited by Lester J. Cappon. University of North Carolina Press, 2 vols., $12.50**

As an exercise in such differentiation, one might start with Jefferson's conclusion from watching France: that one could only "pray that heaven may send them good kings"; or his answer when Adams wrote that England seemed intent on acting against her own long-range interests: "I never yet found any other general rule for foretelling what they will do, but that of examining what they ought not to do." These, if spoken at a Presidential press conference, would seem merely glib; but they are not. The range of reading and observation, and that of the most patiently intelligent sort, that lies behind *any* statement these men made is almost unbelievable. (The first volume of their correspondence records their untiring, precise, meticulous attention to details while at the French and English capitals.)

Perhaps the *way* Adams went about reading Plato sums up, better than any other simply extractable item, the basic nature of the civilization they embodied. When Jefferson wrote Adams late in life that he had again, "patiently and seriously," gone through Plato's *Republic* (he found it full of "whimsies . . . puerilities, and unintelligible jargon"), Adams replied that "With the help of two Latin Translations, and one English and one French Translation and comparing some of the most remarkable passages with the Greek," he had completed, thirty years previously, "the severe task of going through all his Works." Here the method is as important as the conclusion (he agreed with Jefferson, saying that his disappointment had been very great, his astonishment greater, his disgust shocking; and that he had learned but two things, the more important being that sneezing was a cure for hiccups).

The importance the Adams-Jefferson correspondence has for us is only superficially indicated by the decline

that set in as the Age of Reason gave way to the Romantic agony into which both men lived. What happened to America after 1800 was just what Adams had feared years before: her emotions became unstuck from her intellect, and her civilization from its past, because all three had come loose from that patient attention to an encyclopedic host of particular facts, present and past, upon which, for both these men, everything rested.

In 1785, Adams had written that he would not advise his country to become "the Bubble of her own Nobleness of Sentiment." Thirty years later Jefferson wrote scornfully of the new age, which thought its "intuition" could replace the deal of sweat required to possess oneself of "the knoledge acquired in past years." It was during these latter years that the important half of their correspondence took place: years when Adams was over 75 and no doubt right in saying that he was not acquainted with anyone "on this side of Montecello" who could give him genuine "Information" on the subjects that now interested him.

But we miss what is most important of all if we fail to realize that, in the main, Adams' and Jefferson's efforts were directed, not against romantic enthusiasms, but against that characteristic of the Enlightenment itself which saw intelligentsias, armed with theories, attempting to stave off an inherent and blind drift toward matter. Against this twin evil all the great figures of the Age of Reason fought in vain: it was to outlast, even batten upon, romanticism. Agreeing about its nature, Adams and Jefferson sought to protect America from the fate Adams saw awaiting "France and England and all other great rich old corrupted commercial Nations." But it was Adams who most feared the antidote: "insects" with ideologies—Adams liked Napoleon's word for theories skimmed from the surface of things —who, like the motivating intellects of France, engineered social revolutions "like young Schollars from a Colledge."

In an important sense, the essential character of American greatness is better defined by the totality of Jefferson's correspondence, taken alone, than by anything else. He touched his age at every point, writing the Declaration of Independence, ruling for the eight years that set America upon the course she has followed, and advising constantly by letter through the Administrations of Madison and Monroe. Four years before his death, he counted his correspondence for the year: it totaled over 1,200 letters, "many of them requiring answers of elaborate research." But in another sense, these two volumes are an even more fitting monument; for the American tradition, to its peril, neglects Adams, who

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vitally influenced its constitution as Jefferson did not.

As Jefferson often pointed out, the nation had been formed by the attitudes they typified and shared. "Will you," he once wrote Adams in words that glow, "be so good as to recollect the proposition I formerly made you in private and try if you can work it into some good to save our union?" Yet there did exist a point—the one upon which, as Adams pointed out in his turn, Jefferson's popularity rested, and his own "immense Unpopularity"—at which they differed. As Adams saw it, Jefferson and those he influenced finally fell prey to the very evils the two men had together combatted; and what this foreshadowed for his country seemed to Adams so important that, at 78, he wrote his old friend—in an even greater testament to their civilization than Jefferson's earlier sentence—"You and I ought not to die, before We have explained ourselves to each other." To this explanation the major portion of their correspondence is given. I know of nothing more important for Americans to read: the history of their country, even its perhaps irremediable plight, is implicit in the argument.

Whatever their conclusion, we may, I think, leave Adams the final word on what it is like to attempt to establish and preserve what they *did* share: "Your Life and mine," he wrote Jefferson in 1812, "for almost half a Century have been nearly all of a Piece, resembling in the whole, mine in The Gulph Stream, chaced by three British Frigates, in a Hurricane. . . . I do not remember that my Feelings, during those three days were very different from what they have been for fifty Years."

Music

Caramoor

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

On a windless evening early in July several hundred automobiles nosed into the main gate of an estate in northern Westchester, climbed the half-mile of curving driveway through a tunnel of rhododendrons, and parked neatly on emerald lawns beneath the oaks and maples. The twelve hundred occupants got out of their cars and made their way past a couple of tables where ladies were handling reserved tickets for a concert. A policeman turned to one of the ladies and said, in a tone of profound astonishment, "They *like* the music!"

Caramoor, the estate of the late Walter T. Rosen, is almost two hundred acres of ineffable beauty. The main house, begun in 1930 and completed in 1939, is styled after the presidential palace in Caracas, Venezuela. Five hundred persons can sit in its interior patio for programs of chamber music; the music room can accommodate almost as many. Beginning in 1946 Mr. Rosen, an accomplished pianist, and his wife Lucie sponsored an annual music festival at their home for a select group of friends and music-lovers. It became a tradition, one that Mr. Rosen did not want to limit to his lifetime. After his death the whole estate was placed in the Walter and Lucie Rosen Foundation, Inc., and supplemented with an endowment that runs well into seven digits. The Caramoor festival would hereafter be open to the public. But where would the public be seated?

During the Renaissance a Venetian nobleman gathered together a collection of some two dozen Greek and Roman columns dating back to the ninth century. For many years this priceless collection was considered a national treasure of Italy. Some say it was a French art dealer who smuggled the columns out of Italy and set them up on a field near Avignon. The Rosens found them there many years ago, bought them, took them to the United States, and set them up in one of the sunken gardens at Caramoor. Arranged in a peristyle under a series of trefoil arches, the ninth-century columns now frame the stage of the "Venetian Theater" where, since 1957, the major performances of the festival have taken place.

At 8:30 Alfred Wallenstein mounted the podium to open the concert with the *Sarabande, Giga* and *Badinerie* of Corelli. At a great height in the western sky beyond the monumental trees that enfold the stage, slim wisps of cirrus clouds skimmed toward us carrying rose-hued reflections of the setting sun. As the first phrases of the stately *Sarabande* filled the evening, I marveled at the clarity and warmth of the sounds. It was not as if the sounds came from the stage; they surrounded me, reaching out from all sides, as if the entire setting were making music. Wallenstein closed the *Badinerie* with a flourish of delicate wit that achieved one of the miracles of musical communication: he sent a chuckle of pleasure through the audience.

Ma Mère l'Oye ("Mother Goose") by Ravel next sounded forth in the deepening shadows. Somewhere behind us in the enormous masses of laurel and rhododendron a catbird cooed, chuckled, shrieked and warbled in his ceaseless and kaleidoscopic mimicry. (In the open air music lives twice. It lives once for itself alone, for the enjoyment and expression of its regal language of the heart. It lives again for the world around it, the world that offers in natural antiphon its affirmation of the loveliness of God's order.) Ravel had some juicy and dripping chunks of sound in his head when he wrote *Ma Mère l'Oye;* Wallenstein did them justice. And also with the skill of a lapidarist he engraved on the air the translucent passages of oriental delicacy. The full power of the orchestra was summoned only once, at the stunning climax of *Le jardin féerique.* Yea, praise Him upon the cymbals!

Night had almost settled upon us when Maureen Forrester, contralto, sang Gustav Mahler's *Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen* ("Songs of a Wayfarer"). A robin was singing himself to sleep somewhere in the trees behind the stage. But when the warm lyricism of a human voice was added to the universe of sound, even he stopped to listen. Mahler's music —romantic, mysterious, mystical— takes on new luster in such surroundings. It is the very spirit of the mystical relation between composer,

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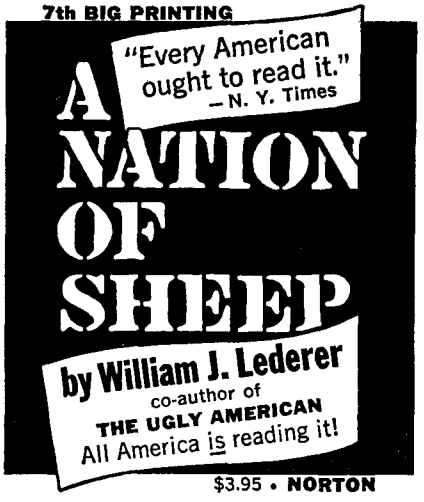
performer, listener and world: the world that is being at once described and transcended. The last song closes in a phrase much like the one that crowns *Das Lied von der Erde,* in which the singer repeats the word *"ewig"* ("eternally"). Mahler breathed eternity into every tone he wrote. And is not eternity the principal subject of human discourse?

The program finished with what this reviewer hopes is the last American performance of Peter Mennin's *Symphony No. 3.* Mr. Mennin's bag of tricks seems limited to the augmented octave, syncopation, percussion, and *tutti, tutti* all the time. "Well wrought, predictable and empty," said the lady on my left. Those ninth-century columns have heard more barbaric noises than Mr. Mennin's in their time, I suppose; and the scars of dissonance will, with one more growing season, be mended in the glorious groves of Caramoor. The subway is the place for the music of the subways. In these lordly green mansions on a perfect summer evening one should not stoop.

One of the remarkable aspects of the Caramoor Festival is the quality of the people who go there. They are quiet, mannerly, clothed and washed. Those of us who have stepped over the writhing bodies on the grass at Tanglewood and hearkened to the brazen accents of music lovers hawking hot dogs in the shed and smelled the—but I won't go on. The Berkshire Festival has transmuted the estate of Nathaniel Hawthorne into a Coney Island with hemlocks, and anyone who loves music and would like to love people goes there doubly endangered. At Caramoor we see once again a fine and precious thing commencing; with the wise cooperation of the Town of Bedford the Caramoor Festival may be able to grow in beauty and meaning through the years. With all my heart I hope so.



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

WHICH ONES ARE THE ENEMY?, by George Garrett (Little, Brown, $3.95). Our wars being over for the time, here is a post-novel of the American Occupation Army in Trieste, an army of fakes, cretins, degenerates and blackmarketeers. What is more, it is pretty much true. The first-person narrator is Private John Riche, whose IQ cannot be half that of the author. It is curious that the hero of almost all our recent military novels is a Neanderthal type, a yard bird with as much bad time as good behind him. Having said that, I must admit that George Garrett has written a good book, one that I disliked and yet at the end was much moved by. As a former sergeant in the Occupation Army, he knows what he is talking about, and he knows how to evoke both the army atmosphere and the Adriatic environment. He has, incidentally, recorded all the military fripperies, the painted pot-helmets, the garish silk neckerchiefs, etc., that our misguided army minds overseas have conceived of as smart. If you don't like the picture, don't blame the author. F. RUSSELL

GOOD FRIDAY 1963, by Otis Carney (Morrow, $3.00). A high-ranking Washington bureaucrat, Dr. Matthew Bone, returns home from a world-circling assignment, which presumably will lead to his selection as Secretary of Defense and the realization of his life's ambition, on Good Friday 1962; and realizes what he and the Washington bureaucracy have been doing: "And so, thought Matt, I must now perpetuate the lie, for myself, my family, my career. After a lifetime of personal equivocation and opportunism, I do not turn back. I can't. Bang down the rubber stamp approving policy, get the job! Escape . . . the truth which you saw face to face everywhere in the world. That communism is winning in incredible leaps. . . . Bury your head again in the sand; hide from the staggering figure of 565 billion dollars—this, the money already spent by America to stop communism. Who were the people who administered such loans, and permitted the graft? . . . Did they, too, endorse the tragic half-truth . . . that a man's belly controlled his mind?" The title *Good Friday 1963* is drawn from Mr. Bone's desperate recognition of the details of our deterioration between Good Friday 1962, his day of decision and one year beyond. R. MORRIS

THE NEW AMERICA, by Karl E. Meyer (Basic Books, $4.50). Despite the name of its publisher, this book isn't. Thirty-two-year-old Mr. Meyer, editorial writer on the *Washington Post,* attempts a survey of "politics and society in the age of the smooth deal." Disdainfully shunning original thought, Meyer offers such illuminating observations as: "The conventional symbols of Washington . . . are the White House, the Capitol, and the Washington Memorial. But to those who are interested in the inner life of our Capital City [the reviewer has become more interested in the inner life of the *Washington Post*], three other symbols are perhaps far more meaningful: the Robotyper, the executive desk, and the film clip [all described in exhaustive detail]. I intend no frivolity." Well, then, we'll pick ourselves off the floor and continue. We discover that because the United States refused to recognize Red China in the 1950s, *horribile dictu,* "It seemed as if something had gone awry with the American

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political equilibrium." But, wit furrowed brow: "The drift events lends some substance t the fears that the nationalizin process has gone too far and tha an ever more centralized govern ment will be ruling an increasingl uniform populace." Lest the hier archy of the *Post* sternly raise a eyebrow upon reading that, Meye is quick to rebuke those who woul agree—and, after an uneventfu trip through 196 pages, deposits th reader safely at the selected desti nation: Snoresville. A. E. GOLLAN

THE DEAR DECEIT, by Christine Brooke-Rose (Doubleday, $3.95) Our best novelists are women Miss Brooke-Rose is a competen travailer in the ranks. Her travail ing is too remorseless in this book which follows *The Sycamore Tree* Here she pursues a nice new thread in plot structure, winding the ball up instead of unraveling it. The yarn begins at the bitter end and proceeds uncompromis ingly to the beginning. It concerns an unamiable humbug, Alfred Haley, and the people—wives, mis tress, associates, parents — whom he humbugs. On page 202 we have reached his twenty-fifth year. We anticipate with a degree of des perateness that adolescence and childhood await us: as so they do. Alfred Haley is at his barely sub cutaneous bottom a stinker of few talents and little *cachet*. Miss Brooke-Rose tracks a small world with the wit and ironic detach ment that haven't seemed to have got women novelists any farther since Jane Austen first superbly blazed her lovely, narrow trail. I am sure *Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice, Mansfield Park* and *Emma* can all be got in paperback for four dollars.

P. CRUMPET

A HISTORY OF MODERN CHINESE FIC TION: *1917-1957*, by C. T. Hsia (Yale University Press, $7.50). A thorough, thoughtful, and inevi tably sad account of literature un der tyranny—which only proves again how exclusively a writer must serve the Holy Ghost within himself, if what he does is to be of any serious *use;* and that when he does anything else, the result is Madison Avenue, whether in Man hattan or Peiping. P. MELIK

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THE YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM, Bergen County Chapter, will sponsor a rally at the Bergen Mall Auditorium, Route 4, Paramus, New Jersey on August 11th at 8:30 p.m. Speakers will be Mr. William A. Rusher and Mr. Joseph Mitchell, City Manager, Newburgh, New York. Tickets available at the door. Reserved seats may be obtained by writing P. O. Box 121, Glen Rock, New Jersey.

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To the Editor

Whittaker Chambers

May I commend NATIONAL REVIEW on its fine tribute to Whittaker Chambers [July 29]. I am gratified that there are a few people in this world who fully realized this man's worth. He was truly a great American, and I choose my words well.

Philadelphia, Pa. MARIANNE MILLER

If you publish nothing but tide tables and train schedules for the rest of the year, my subscription will still have been worth the money on one count alone: the sweeping, gorgeously passionate, perilously comprehending memorial pages to, from, and about Whittaker Chambers. Once again NATIONAL REVIEW has distinguished itself from the overwhelming majority of the American press, which amuses itself telling tales and tossing sticks and stones and counting up people and dollars and things. *NR* understood and understands. And in its way too it dares to be a witness.

Chicago, Ill. MARIE CAPLAN

Letter to Menshikov

CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS FOR YOUR OPEN LETTER TO AMBASSADOR MENSHIKOV [IN PARIS HERALD]. THAT IS THE VIRILE LANGUAGE OF A NATION SEEKING LEADERSHIP OF THE FREE WORLD. WITH REITERATED THANKS AND RESPECT.

Zurich DR. ANTHONY JUTZ

Liberalism and Anti-Communism

The Liberals of the Western world profess to be anti-Communist (no doubt many of them are sincere and well-intentioned) but, curiously, things they advocate are apt to contribute directly and indirectly to the Communist cause. Afraid of a hot war and wearied of the cold war, they are always ready to compromise whenever the Communists become aggressive. . . .

Though the grand strategy of the Communists will always call for expansion of power and influence, it is at the same time restricted by another objective: their own survival. They would continue to try to expand their power and influence in whatever ways and by whatever means are most expedient, so long as their own survival is not endangered.

The tactics to be employed would be: 1) to prolong the cold war, but occasionally to intensify and occasionally to relax it; 2) generally to avoid military engagement, but not to fear it; 3) to accept limited and local military conflicts and to go to the very brink of war, if necessary, but to avoid an all-out war; 4) to win limited wars in order to make an all-out war unnecessary and to attain objectives through political negotiation when unattainable through military action; and 5) to engage in conflict when the West desires to avoid it and to relax tension and talk peace when the West is prepared to fight.

Experiences show that the Western democracies were always able to emerge as victors of military conflicts. It is the cold war with its multi-dimensional fronts which they find difficult to cope with. The Free World realizes that the Communist leaders respect power only and it must remain strong in order to deter them from risking an all-out war. But power of deterrence, which is the power to prevent war, equals power plus *will*. The power of no nation can be stronger than that nation's will to resist, and strength is meaningless and ineffective as deterrence, unless its possessor is prepared and willing to use it. . . .

By the way, you would be interested to know that NATIONAL REVIEW'S editorials and articles concerning the Far East are regularly and extensively reported in the *Central Daily News* in Taipei.

Los Altos, Cal. DR. PUNG-FAI TAO

Mrs. Roosevelt on Castro

What I said seven months ago ["The Week," *NR Bulletin*, July 22] applied to the situation at that time. Since then Mr. Castro has accepted Communism, but it is true that communal living does not necessarily mean an acceptance of the Soviet Communist doctrine.

New York City ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

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If Nixon Were President

If I remember correctly, it was the policy of *NR* at the time of the last national election to consider Nixon the lesser of two evils and therefore unworthy of *NR*'s support. Since that time we have seen a most sickening performance of the Kennedy Administration in the foreign policy field, and the future looks even more sickening. I need not go into detail.

Although Nixon was and is far from the conservative ideal, does anyone there believe that the domestic and international scene would be half as fouled up as it is now had Nixon been elected?

New Hyde Park, N. Y. WILLIAM SCULTI

A Teacher Responds

In 1954, after six years of college, I was hired as a teacher in New Jersey at $2,800. According to Russell Kirk's figure of a 53% increase [April 8] I should now be making $4,284. Actually I am doing better than that, but I don't feel overpaid. A woman in Ohio who has taught for 50 years is making all of $6,600.

Teachers, Mr. Kirk, work ten months a year in the world's most nerve-wracking profession. Their overtime for homework and student activities is free. During summer vaca-

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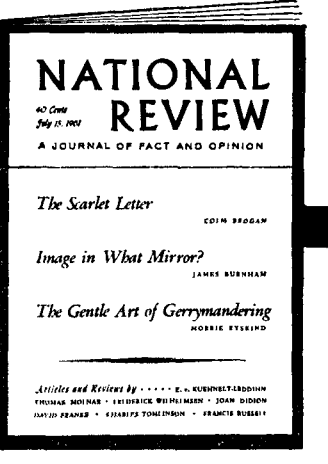

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tion they are required to take additional college courses at their own cost without an expense account or tax concession. Many borrow from the credit union in order to eat through September. A friend has three jobs to support a wife and two kids.

While one-third of all college graduates may be in Education, you can be certain that some never become teachers and others quit. A forty-year-old veteran took up taxi driving because he could make more money without as much emotional strain. He felt the two jobs were about equally respected.

If you want to forestall federal aid to education, don't make teachers a whipping boy. Insults added to indigence will make them rebel for sure. Besides, your children are in their hands, not to mention this nation's future. Whatever happened to the conservative's love of learning and respect for culture, his admiration for qualified authorities? Is that too a commodity in the market place to be bought at the lowest cost or sold for a profit?

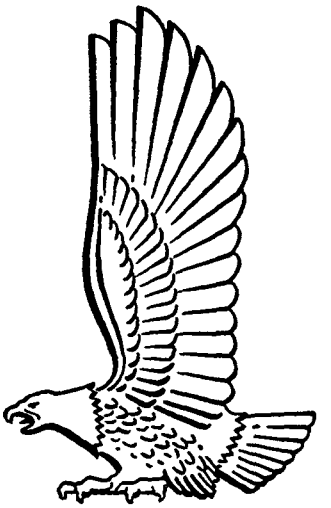
If the doctrinaire rightists feel that public schools after all these decades are socialistic, we teachers would be only too happy to pool our meager resources in order to buy the plant. Then we could determine policy and make more than an existence wage. Of course, the tuition would keep going up along with the cost of books, but that would keep out the slow learners and earners.

Riverside, Cal. LOUIS BAER

Poetry-Writing

If it's not too late to hark back to *NR*, April 22, I'd like to comment on Mr. Hugh Kenner's article on poetry-writing. Mr. Kenner applauds the use, by some modern poets, of curtailed lines and "silent" white spaces to stimulate meditation, suspense, gravity, and the like; citing in support of this technique an eleven-line, four-versicle poem [by Robert Creeley] about certain wooden figures and the artist who made them.

Fascinated by this poem, though not by its technique, I got to wondering how it would sound (not look) if more compactly rendered, as, tentatively: "In the act of making them / it must have been so still he heard the wood / and felt it with his hands moving / into the forms he had

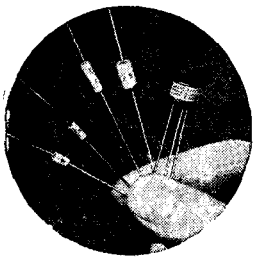


. . . We must consider what state all men are naturally in, and that is a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions and persons as they think fit.
—John Locke in "Civil Government"

Individual freedom is a natural thing. It comes to us from our Creator as part and parcel of our humanity. It's nothing we have taken from others . . . nothing bestowed on us by a benevolent government.

Yet, proponents of the welfare state seek to rob us of this innate freedom—first through socialized medicine, farm subsidies and federal control of business . . . ultimately through socialization of every phase of activity we know.

The dignity and freedom of the individual must be secured if our other freedoms are to be maintained. *The philosophy we try to practice in our Company is to encourage individual responsibility and to reward individual accomplishment.*



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given to them, / one by singular one, so quiet, so still."

But the poetry born of these words would be recognizable—and treasurable—in whatever form presented, say in a solid, prose-style paragraph. And even when strewn out haltingly over a quarter-column, the persevering ear (though nettled by the device) gathers it up, for future pondering.

Now there may be circulating these days *other* verses that do depend on decapitated and truncated sentences and odd-angled bits of space, all to complement visually (mechanically, prosaically) the silence and reticences which their authors felt unable, without these adventitious aids, adequately to evoke. But *this* is poetry—to have and to hold.

And I'm somehow reminded over the years of another small meditative poem which, consisting mostly of silence, might have been addressed to the world's ears in this fashion: "Flower in the / crannied wall, I / pluck you out of the / crannies, I /" etc., etc.

But of course it wasn't written that way, and perhaps Mr. Kenner is as glad about that as I am. (Anyway, great thanks to him for his dainty and delightful depiction of a cheese critic in action, in this same article.)

San Francisco, Cal. GEORGE CHALMERS

Clear and Present Danger

The Liberal newspapers and magazines have given much publicity to William Shirer's book about the Third Reich. They do not give publicity to David Dallin of Yale University, whose books about Soviet atrocities have been used as references by America's anti-Communists.

Why is the most comprehensive book on Soviet murder in five years not given publicity? I refer to *Black Deeds of the Kremlin*, Toronto, 1956.

Soviet Bolshevism is the present danger of mankind. Hitler Germany is gone forever. . . .

Pittsfield, Mass. DAVID ALLESSIO

Seeing Double

You asked recently if I would drop you a line and explain why I had not resubscribed. Let me begin by saying I am one hundred per cent in favor of NATIONAL REVIEW. I enjoy the magazine thoroughly and read its articles with pleasure and interest. . . .

But my failure to resubscribe is a

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very simple one: Both my wife and I are getting NATIONAL REVIEW. Since I am a frugal Scot, I read my wife's copy and have been giving away my own. You may say, "Keep both subscriptions and give away one!" True, but I shall rather give a subscription as a Christmas gift this coming season. This is the modern Scot's way of "killing two birds with one stone"!

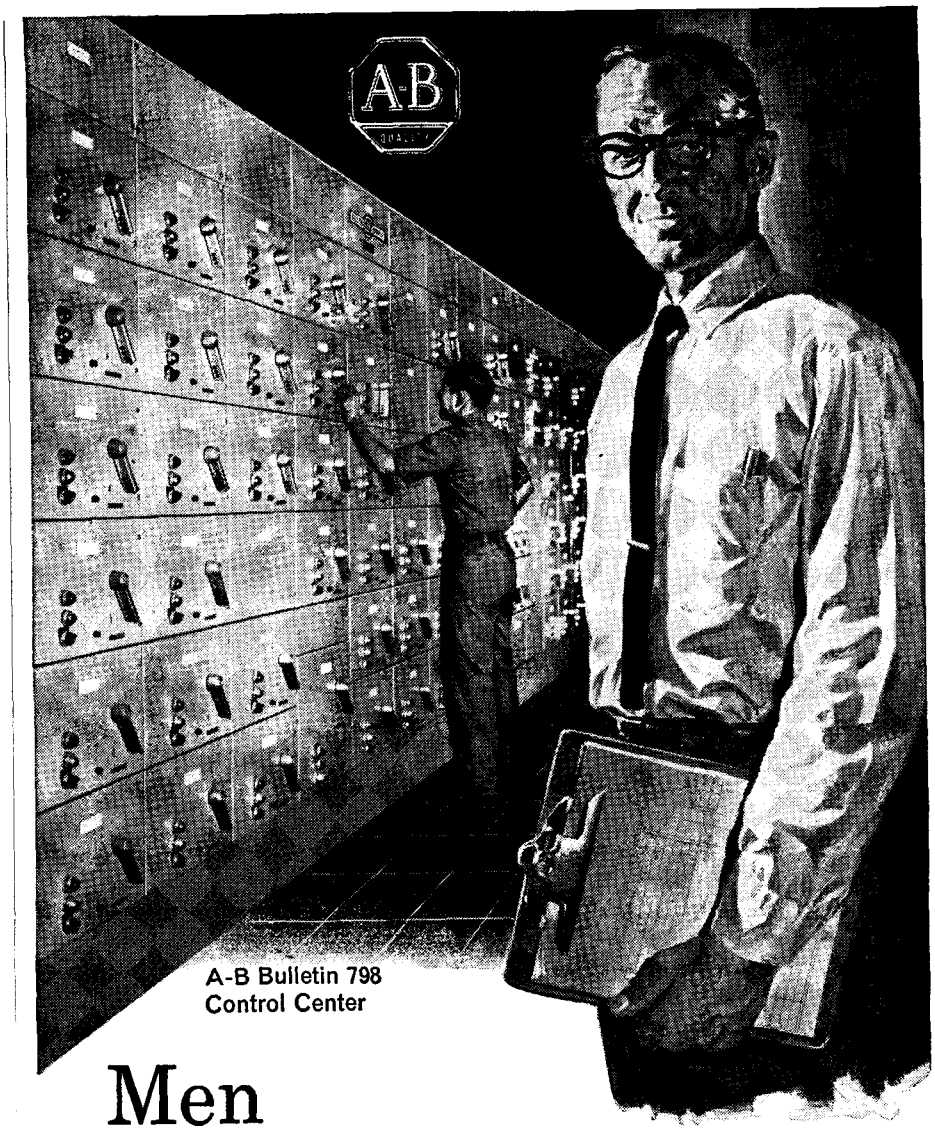
REV. CAMERON A. MACKENZIE
Detroit, Mich.

AMERICA

(Continued from p. 87)

"an incurable optimist." A mana lingers on here, explodes joyfully at Oak Street Beach, where the breakwaters on either side set up a contrary motion of currents, so that breakers rush onto the beachline from three directions, colliding, cancelling one another, crashing together in midair, corkscrewing, leaping apart, all very gay as they stream with light. The power of space gathers as the afternoon passes. The sun disappears behind the skyscrapers that now mirror their length over the water in olive-green darkness. A gold drives out the silver of the water lights, then in turn is driven out by a pure dove-grey striped by the shafted reflection of a rising moon. Space holds its colors and shadows across the distances. The lake has no horizon, but only a frontier of mist gradually settling along it. Before night comes, there is a last moment of clarity in which the tones of the expanses seem to reach an ultimate keenness, then gently disintegrate.

What is the reciprocation these intricate splendors seem to be demanding at every point in the American scene—from the lake at Chicago to the deserts of the Southwest and the coast of the northern Pacific? The critic, Hugh Kenner, has formulated the hope when, writing on Lincoln, he speaks of "an enlightened culture as leisured as the landscape." Until Americans learn to understand their surroundings at the deepest, the most patient level, that culture will never be achieved nor one's incurable optimism justified. Instead of a union of the civic imagination and the natural fact, there will be an ever deepening schism between suburb and wilderness, an abyss that imagination has failed to span.



A-B Bulletin 798
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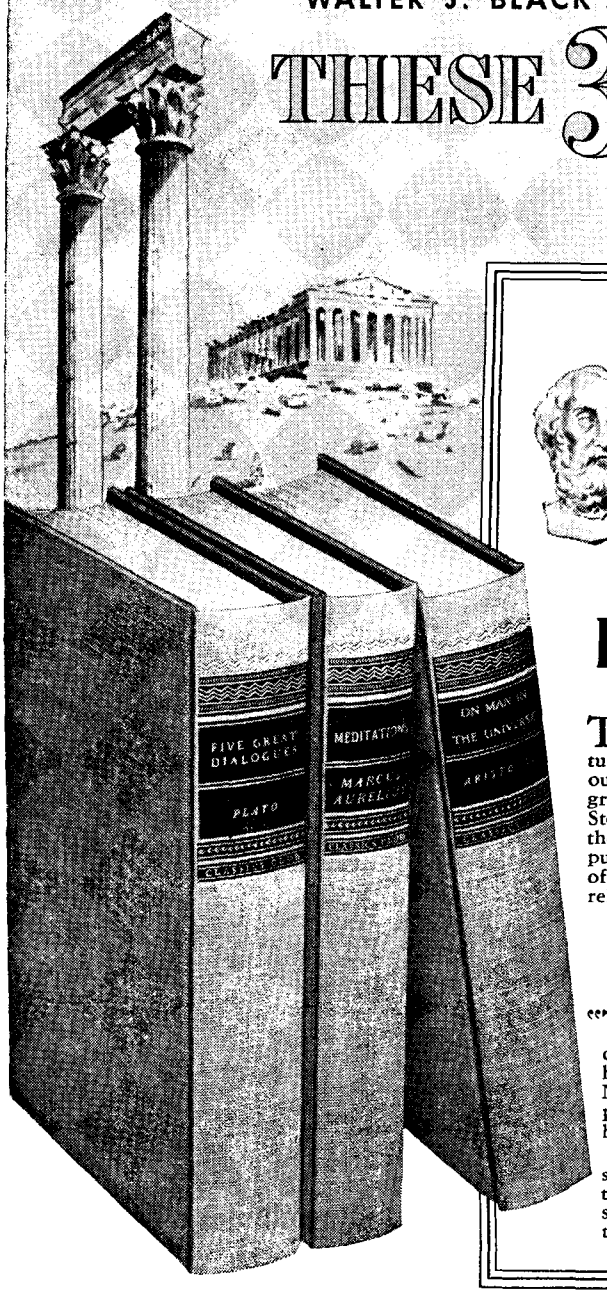

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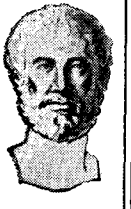

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